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Costume Jewellery
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CATCHING EELS

By AINSLIE BAKER

I GUESS you could say I've done as much fishing as most people. Only I've done it the hard way. I've fished for eels.

They're very funny creatures, eels.

And catching them's no pushover.

What you need as well as a strong stomach are an empty fruit case, a hurricane lantern, and a long eel rod.

You sit on the case, take comfort from the lantern, and

have a lot of bother with the rod.

But don't think if isn't worth it. Golden-brown eel steaks for breakfast are something for the gourmet.

And, if so many eels didn't stage a last-minute reprieve from the hot seat by slithering back into the river from the bank, a lot more people would know about it.

For, to be absolutely truthful, it isn't so much a matter

CATCHING EELS is a knotty business, and when they get into knots they need some untying.



THE MOST tempting bait for eels are fat, white grubs which you can find beneath old logs. It's best to put them into a jam tin.

of first catching your eel as of hitting it on the head.

This is the nasty part, and should be censored from all future performances. Intending eel fishers possessing no bloodlust themselves would be best advised to take with them a proved hitter on the head.

Failing that, any male over eight years old, with the ability to think fast and make lightning decisions, and seeking opportunities of advancement, will do.

This enterprising youth can be later called on for skinning, another pastime in which he will be happy to exercise his talents, whereas you would almost certainly not be.

A special blunt instrument — a type of club — should be carried by all eelers for head-hitting. Nature outfits eels with the sort of heads that make just any old stick bounce right off.

The will to live in the eye of the stricken eel should be hidden from those of more tender years.

A working acquaintance with Botany wrigglers, green prawns, and other recognised forms of fish bait becomes a joke compared with the matey terms you get on to with a really fat white grub.

First get your bait

THESE are to be found beneath decayed logs and are unsurpassed as a first-class eel bait.

You dig them up, put them in a jam tin, and take it from there.

Being of a sly, not to say deceitful, disposition, eels are usually found lurking in deep holes overhung by trees. This anti-social character makes them very unwilling to be caught, which is why you hear so many stories of them getting away.

Personally I have never taken the view that an eel that gets away is really lost. For you can always comfort yourself with the knowledge that if you hadn't caught it in the first place, it wouldn't have been in the position to get away.

All in all I really think it saves a lot of tiresome talk and explanation to class these near misses as hits.

Some people think that the sound of singing will attract eels who are playing hard-to-get. This is a point which may be best described as moot. And until further research on the question has been done, it is better left to those who have successfully tried it out for themselves.

Burleying is another form of attraction which is far from a cer-

tainty in dealing with these slippery fish.

With my own eyes I have seen them fail to take the slightest interest in silver paper, peanut butter sandwiches, and candied cherries thrown into the water for their benefit, and the next minute rising to the bait of an old tennis shoe kicked off by mistake.

Though good places to look for eels are old dams, waterholes, and disused tanks, don't make the mistake of supposing that every river has its eel. Far from it.

The river with the eel is the exception rather than the rule.

Eels come in two sizes: tiddlers and whoppers. You can never mistake one for the other on the rod. The advantage of tiddler eels over whopper fish in general is that you are under no moral obligation to throw them back.

When you get a whopper you'll know.

Eels are greatly given to tying themselves in knots — not with

laughter, but in the most literal meaning of the word.

And once knotted they present a problem that takes some unravelling.

The great thing, of course, is to take care that they don't tie you in knots with them.

Never at any time exactly easy to handle, in death the eel retains many of the characteristics peculiar to it in life.

The easiest and probably the most satisfactory method of removing the catch is to tie it to a stick.

Looked at any way you will, they're queer fish. Probably the most that can be said for them is that they're noisier, modest in their person, and easy to cook.

The pocket Oxford Dictionary of Current English describes the eel variously as snake-like, evasive, and oily. Personally I think they've got something there. But not enough.



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M.M. 2-12

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"I don't like that blank look, Angel," Thayer said. "It puts me off saying what I want to."

Three Loves Had I

By Sarah Elizabeth Rodger

ANGEL WHITEHOUSE was having her own private victory celebration exactly as it had been planned for so long in her mind. There was no mistaking the look in his keen, alert eyes as she sat across from Thayer at a table for two. He was about to say it, she felt. All that it meant made a series of pretty pictures in her mind. A beautiful wedding in a church, a town house, a country place, probably a new amphibian plane.

He smiled at her indulgently.

"You'll have your nyons again, beautiful."

"I've never been without them."

He let that pass. "And you can leave that confounded hospital," he went on, his eyes growing more possessive as he looked at her.

She realised he hadn't objected to her being at the hospital before because he had imagined it kept her out of mischief during the time that he was too snowed under with war production to consider taking a wife. She made an indefinite little murmur. It wasn't her scene, it was Thayer's. If he wanted her it was up to him to say the words.

"I don't like that blank look, Angel," he said irritably. "It puts me off saying what I want to."

This was her victory—her own personal victory as well as her country's—and she had the right to look blank if she liked. There was healing in blankness.

She remembered from far back in her school days that if you stared long enough and hard enough at a flame-bright light bulb, then closed your eyes a moment, you could open them and project the image in brilliant exactitude upon any blank surface. However the psychologists chose to explain it, you had, in effect, stored it behind your eyes. Stored light for a brief moment. . . . Then, when the image wavered, you need only repeat.

So it was that this girl named Agnes could project the image of Ken Jorgenson upon the dark walls of life.

She was never called Agnes, yet when Ken had said, "I mean your real name," she had given it to him in the strange, flat voice of reality.

"Were you born in New York?"

"Look, soldier," Agnes had said in the high gay voice she wore out to parties, "I'm supposed to ask the questions."

There were some she might want to ask, but she was too indifferent to try. Her role was to dance and look beautiful, and make sympathetic murmurs if he began to talk.

Ken Jorgenson kept on staring at her until at last she felt a brief curiosity as to what he was seeing with that lucid grey gaze.

Oh, she knew what she looked like. She knew

about her figure—it had cost her enough money to fashion it from childish fat into this taut adult perfection. She was very sure of the new rinses for her hair, too. She made up her mouth beautifully with a lipstick brush. Her legs were slim and lovely in nyons which she tried to pretend weren't black market.

"Well, soldier?" she asked, and uneasiness circled her like fog.

"Why do you do this?" he asked. "It couldn't be patriotism, could it?"

It could be, but Agnes knew it wasn't. Again, she told him the flat truth and hated it, wondering why it was impossible to lie to Ken when she had lied to men all her life.

"Dancing at an officers' club one night a week gives me a certain build-up with a man I want," she said in a voice which sounded strange to her. "The less I say about it the more he wonders whom I'm meeting, and what I think of him."

When Ken smiled, she realised that he wasn't sitting in judgment, though what she had told him hadn't sounded pretty even to her.

"Who is this man you want so much you'll dance with strangers to get him?" he asked her easily.

But now Agnes' mind clamped shut, while her voice began uttering inanities and her eyes looked up into his in automatic provocation.

He took her home, and when he asked to meet her again she said yes. She couldn't be with Thayer often because he was too busy, and it was good for her to appear in smart places with a succession of tall young officers who looked at her eagerly and helped get her name in the gossip columns.

"Where would you like to go?" he asked her. "When shall I call for you?"

Agnes named a nightclub where you saw Everybody.

"We'll go there later," said Ken. "I'd like to see you in the afternoon. Could you, or do you work?"

Work. . . . Well, yes, in a way Agnes worked. She was on committees that raised money for various charities. Her beauty helped, too, and she had to work at that. Sometimes she interviewed big business men in their private offices and made them sign cheques for war bonds. That was the way she'd first met Thayer.

"The afternoon?" Agnes felt startled. "What time?"

"Three? I want very much to see the Museum of Modern Art. Would it be too dull for you—you've probably been there hundreds of times."

Perhaps everyone else in New York had been there, but Agnes hadn't, nor had she been to any of the places frequented by ordinary tourists. Ken went to see them all.

Please turn to page 4



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Three Loves Had I

Continued from page 3

SOMETIMES Agnes went out in the evening with Ken after these expeditions. Sometimes she couldn't because she was seeing Thayer.

The two men didn't meet. There was no reason why they should, being in two separate compartments of Agnes' life. She knew Thayer had heard about Ken from people who had seen them together, but Thayer would think of Ken as merely the current soldier... the uniformed fact by which Agnes presently convinced him that she was a popular, desirable girl. If he grew tired of the uniforms, or jealous, he could marry her and have her to himself. He never suggested this, but Agnes always believed that some day he would.

The boys of her own world would have been better bait for Thayer—he was probably too clever to worry seriously about her marrying a good-looking nobody—but those boys were away.

So now there was Ken Jorgenson who had worked while the boys she knew had been going to deb parties. Ken was thirty, but the lines round his eyes could have been any age.

Agnes was twenty-four and hoped she looked twenty still. There was a new crop of debutantes every year and beauty was not at all novel. The war had shifted social standards too. Instead of one special glamor girl in a season, there were any number, and not all were drawn from the same top drawer. But, as far as possible, Agnes made sure that men's eyes watched Miss Angel Whitehouse—and that Thayer was aware of it.

She had waited several days for Ken Jorgenson to tell her that she was beautiful, but when he finally said it the shock of his words fell on her mind like ice water.

He said deliberately, "Without your pancake make-up and that net snood, whatever you call it, on your hair—and without your clothes and your pretensions, Agnes, I think you'd be beautiful..." He weighed her considerably. "Yes, you certainly would be—if you were mentally and physically naked."

Angry words bubbled in her throat, but her lips never spoke them; because the next thing Ken said was even more astounding.

"I don't know why I should love a girl like you. You aren't what I've ever wanted."

Anger seeped slowly from her mind, and she felt sad and humble.

"What did you want, Ken?" she asked him. He had so little time left to find it.

"A wife," he said. Somehow in all these months of entertaining officers, and watching the hectic war weddings taking place round her, Agnes had never thought of herself as anything but a spectator. When the word marriage crossed her mind, it was connected with a man like Thayer, rich and important, and worth her patience.

She tried to be kind. Ken would be no problem to her because he was leaving soon. Even if he had wanted to marry her, there was no time.

"I see," she said. "I'm not the type, I guess, Ken."

The very fact that she knew she could be a perfect wife for Thayer automatically disqualified her for Ken. He had no need of her smart entertaining, her flair for decorating an apartment, her talent for choosing good clothes and discriminating between the people who counted and those who didn't... She wondered idly what Ken really wanted from marriage.

"You've always lived in a city," he told her. "You don't understand what I mean by home."

"An open fire," she guessed wearily. "Children. Christmases. Good dinners cooking on the stove. Neighbors."

"Compassion," he added. ("That was a strange word, she thought, to express an ideal of marriage.")

"If you loved me, Agnes, you would love your fellow men. Before you could help us, yourself and me, you would find you had to help others. Your neighbors aren't merely the people who live next door. They're the people who run to you when they're in trouble, and to whom you run when trouble is at your heels. You've never had a neighbor,

Agnes..." His eyes then softened for her, "or a mother."

"Of course I have a mother," she said quite sharply. "She's in Palm Beach now. She wanted me to go with her, but I—" She wouldn't say: I didn't dare leave Thayer.

"With her fourth husband," said Ken. "Have four marriages left her much time for you?"

"Time enough to train me for a better life than she's had," Agnes snapped back.

Ken made no comment. Agnes found herself searching his face. This had become a habit with her in the last few days.

She knew she could not afford to love a soldier and wait, years perhaps, for him to come back and give her a shabby, second-rate life. She was afraid of that word "love," which betrayed so many people. What she felt for Ken—that strong, terrible, frightening pull—she called "attraction." That word made her feel safer.

Ken stayed in New York a week longer. They had no good-bye. It was just as he had warned her it would be. One day she didn't hear from him and knew he had gone.

To live then was a sort of sleep-walking. She went through her routine, serving on her little committees, trotting round town on trivial errands, going out to dinner with her face and heart well groomed.

But I loved him, she would think. I loved Ken Jorgenson. What am I doing here?

She didn't expect the letters. Neither of them had promised to write. She had only thought that he would let her know when he had arrived—wherever he was going. Then she would have an excuse to answer.

But those letters, from a man as quiet and deliberate in his speech as Ken, hit her mind with the impact of the separate blows of a great gong.

She kept them in a locked teak-wood box on her desk, and answered each as it came, in the white heat of discovery. And she was never the same person again, because Ken was forcing her to discover herself...

BEFORE she had finished her first hundred and fifty hours as a nurses' aide, the head nurse spoke to her brusquely in the utility-room.

"How did you happen to come to this hospital?"

"A soldier sent me," said Agnes truthfully.

"You're good," pronounced the older woman crossly. "I can't think why. I never saw a girl who looked less like good nursing material than you."

"Thank you," said Agnes gently. "Why don't you go to Haloran when you have your hours? If you took up nurses' aiding because of a soldier, I mean." Miss Frost flushed and stammered. "That's disinterested advice—you know how much we need you here."

Agnes knew that she was well fitted to be an army nurses' aide. She didn't need pay, but she had the time and she could live at the hospital. No one at home would miss her. Actually it was better for her mother and Carlos to be alone. Ever since they'd come back from Palm Beach Agnes had sensed uneasiness in her mother... a speculative look in her eyes which seemed to say why haven't you landed Thayer? Here you are twenty-four and not married yet...

So no one cared when Agnes went to stay at an Army hospital, and no one noticed that she had cut off her talon-like finger-nails and given up inquiring her hair because it took too much time. She wrote these small items of news to Ken to amuse him, and he wrote back, "I'm not laughing, darling. I'm proud of my project. As far as I'm concerned, the postwar world—for me—is you, Agnes. A wonderful girl came alive in my arms. Wherever I am, I see her face."

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by

C. BUDINGTON
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WHEN BIG-NOSE KELLY reports a find of molybdenite in wild Arizona country, MR. BOBBS, President of the International Copper Company, finances an expedition to search for it, choosing MIKE BRONSON, young archaeologist, as his leader.

To Mike's intense annoyance, Bobbs' beautiful daughter KELSEY insists on accompanying the expedition. Other members of it are LINK POVAH, an old prospector; JACK MAXWELL; and monocled Englishman RUPERT CAVENDISH, known as the Limey.

Trouble comes swiftly as PETE SKILLMAN, of the rival Potosi Mining Company, gets wind of the find, and, kidnapping Kelly, sets out in search of it. The rival parties meet in wild country, but Skillman fails in an attempt to intimidate Mike and disappears with his party in the night.

Kelsey, meanwhile, has grown suspicious of the Limey, thinking she saw him assisting to loot a store and later signalling mysteriously. Her father and Mike laugh at her suspicions, but the night of the encounter with Skillman she has a further strange experience, sighting in the distance a procession of hump-backed men.

Now read on:—

IT was dark when Kelsey Bobbs was awakened—dark and cold. Her toilet was simple. It consisted of extricating herself from her bedroll and washing her face and hands in icy water. She rolled her bedding and was ready for breakfast.

Mike Bronson's face was grim. "The next few days," he said, "will be tough. We must push ourselves. If we are to catch and pass Skillman, it must be before we reach Mexican Water. Miss Bobbs, I'm asking you to co-operate."

"When have I not co-operated?" she asked.

"Nothing much has been required of you so far," he said.

"Have you," she asked, "got permission from the gnomes to pass through their country?"

"Gnomes! It isn't the exact moment to be fanciful," Mike said bleakly.

"But they exist," Kelsey told him. "I saw them. I saw them last night, labouring along through the moonlight."

It was the Limey who replied to this. "You saw what?" he asked in an odd, tense voice.

"The procession. The procession of hunchbacks," Kelsey said. "I watched them through the binoculars, toiling in single file over the mountains." She swept her arm to the eastward.

"At least a dozen of them, on foot, in single file. Maybe a mile away. But I saw them clearly."

"You dreamed it," said her father.

"I was up on the ridge with binoculars," she said stubbornly. "Wide awake. I saw them. . . Is there a tribe of hunchbacked Indians, Mr. Povah?"

"Could be anything in them mountains," the old man said. "Hump-backed, eh? You seen a dozen hump-backed men?"

Land of the TORREONES

"If they were men," Kelsey responded.

"Silly—what?" demanded the Limey. "Nature's a sportive old girl, but not a convention of hunchbacks. Optical delusion. Deceptive light, if you follow me. Preposterous."

"If Miss Bobbs says she saw this thing," Jack Maxwell said belligerently, "then she saw it."

"If Miss Bobbs," said Mike, "asserts she saw a procession of jabberwocks with two heads apiece it has nothing to do with this day's work. Get your saddles on."

"Is it not possible," Kelsey persisted, "that a man a mile away, toting a pack and seen in silhouette against the sky, might give the impression that he was deformed?"

"But why," demanded Mike, "would they be trekking over these mountains at night with packs on their backs?"

"I suggest it might be a good idea if you, as leader of this expedition, found out," she said tartly. She turned an impertinent face to the Limey. "Wouldn't you think so, Mr. Cavendish?"

"Why ask me?" he responded idly.

Mr. Povah was looking from one to the other of them with bright, slitted, beady eyes.

"Mebby," he said, "them critters has got suthin' to do with the pricklin' in my fingers."

The little army mounted and rode through the darkness. Progress was slow because the pace must be accommodated to the pack animals,

and a few miles an hour was the most that could be expected of them.

For a couple of hours they proceeded along the marked road. Then Mr. Povah, riding ahead, lifted his arm, and they stopped. The old man pointed downward.

"We'll scramble daown to the creek here," he said, "'n' see can we sneak past 'em durin' the day."

The ponies picked their way, almost sliding on their haunches at times, down the rocky cliff until they reached the bottom, which was strewn with boulders.

There was no coffee or warm food that noon. Each individual lunched in his saddle upon scanty food carried in the saddlebags.

AS the hours passed, Kelsey entered into a sort of mental blankness which became a grim, numb determination not to be the first to suggest a few moments of rest. Mike Bronson had promised a driving day, and he was living up to his promise. When Kelsey felt that her will could not force her to remain in the saddle another minute, Mike lifted his arm.

"Ten minutes," he said, and she all but fell from her horse. She sank to the sand and lay there, head pillowed on arms.

Far too soon the signal was given to remount, and for more hours they crawled along, and the only sound was the click of shod hoofs striking sparks from rocks or their scrunching in the soft sands of the creek bed. To rest her legs, Kelsey sat

Kelly started up, thinking only of safety as the horses thundered past.

side-saddle for a time, her left knee hooked round the pommel.

Now and then she caught glimpses of the sagging shoulders of her father, doggedly jolting along. It must, she thought, be harder on him than on herself. He was not young; his muscles were but poorly insured to such work. Thinking of him, she presently sank into a state of numbness herself.

She never remembered eating a mouthful that night, nor did there remain any recollection of crawling into her bedroll. Her next conscious thought was of resentment at being awakened in the morning. She emerged from her blankets stiff and sore, but the aroma of coffee cheered her as she flexed arms and legs before the welcome warmth of the fire. Her father, unshaven, thinner of face, seemed older by years.

"Making it all right?" she asked. "It's no picnic," he admitted. "Ought to pass 'em to-day. Mebby we passed 'em yestiddy," said Mr. Povah. "Calc'late by night we'll have seen the wust of it."

The Limey came and took his seat. Somehow he had managed to shave; there was no dust on his boots; his cheeks were pink in spite of wind and sun. "What ho, the bountiful swine!" he exclaimed as he held out his tin plate for bacon.

"How far," Mike asked Povah, "do you estimate the distance to Mexican Water?"

"Mebby fifteen, mebby twenty mile."

"Skillman will be watching out behind him," Mike said. "He'll not guess we'll be ahead. We're in a good position."

That morning was a repetition of yesterday morning. At noon, they halted, and Mike conferred with Povah. "We're going to take a look," he said. "The road's about a mile north. We should have passed them by now."

The two men rode away. Kelsey stretched herself beside her father and slept. She was awakened by the return of Mike and Mr. Povah.

"We done it," Povah said jubilantly. "Hain't no sign of anybuddy passin'."

"So what?" demanded Kelsey.

"So," said Mr. Povah, "we find us a place above the road where we kin keep our eyes peeled, 'n' wait for 'em."

"And then?" she wanted to know. "Figger out a way," he said, "of layin' our hands on to Big-Nose Kelly. Yeah. Where they camp to-night."

They mounted and scrambled northward until they could look down upon the thread of the road. Povah found a safe spot for them to hide themselves and the horses, a spot from which they could observe the rugged country below them. He grinned yellowly at Kelsey.

"Nothin' to do but wait," he said. "From now on, it gits teetotal interestin'."

Please turn to page 28



'NEVER NEVER'—let it be said . . .

. . . that Australia failed to fill her wide open spaces envied so greatly by our Asiatic neighbours. This very day there are more than two million square miles with a white population of less than one white man to each 10 sq. miles. In this vast area buffaloes, not cows, graze . . . mia-mias, not houses, serve as homes . . . fire is made by rubbing sticks together, not by flicking a switch . . . snake, not steak, is a delicacy . . . picks, not drills, are the tools of the prospectors . . . travel is by horseback or foot. * * * No, it's not all arid. It's just hard to get at. But all things follow transport. Passenger and freight planes are the solution to this great Australian problem. As A.N.A.'s internal air routes stretch out, more and more

of the "NEVER NEVER" will be civilised and populated. Farming districts and mining towns will spring up. Secondary industries will follow. Australia will be a nation "all over." * * * That is the Australia of tomorrow for which A.N.A. plans today.



WING YOUR WAY WITH

THE COUNTRY CLUB SET

By

WILLARD H. TEMPLE

I DIDN'T think my father had much fun when I was a boy, so I was thrilled when we first thought about joining the country club.

It began with a stranger calling on father one evening. After the man had left, father came back from the hall and told us that a country club was being built, and he had been invited to become a charter member. Country clubs were rarer in those days than now.

"They're not asking just anyone," father said. "It's very exclusive. Just some of the more prominent business men in the county." He puffed out his chest when he said it, and took a long draw on his cigar. "Like to join, Amy?" he said casually to mother.

He was bursting with pride, laying the country-club idea before her. Father had never got over being surprised at mother's marrying him. She had a college degree and was an ex-schoolteacher who dabbled at oil painting and could talk about books, and father had gone to work when he was fourteen. He felt that he was several cuts below mother.

"How much will it cost?" my mother asked.

"Well," father said, "it's quite expensive. And really, of course, it's out of the question. What would we do at a golf club? But it's nice to think we've been asked."

A gleam came into mother's eyes. She had recently been elected president of the Bentley Literary and Historical Society, and I knew she was picturing herself seated on a country-club terrace pouring tea for the ladies.

Father laughed aloud. "Imagine me," he said, "hitting a little white ball across the grass."

"Yes," said mother, "I am imagining it."

Father stared at her. "You mean you like the idea?"

"I think we should give it serious consideration," mother said.

"Oh my!" said father.

He had no desire to join. It was just that after working hard all his life the idea that he could join if he wanted to appealed to him. It made him feel like a successful business man.

Mother thought a lot about the country club. She wanted to join, I feel sure. Finally, she persuaded father to visit the place. They were going over on Saturday afternoon—father to play golf and mother to bask in luxury on the terrace, and, if they liked, they'd join.

The next night father came home with a bag of borrowed golf clubs, a dozen balls that he had purchased, and a book entitled "How to Play Golf." A self-educated man, father believed he could do anything he set his mind to, and that night he alternately read the book and swung a golf club.

"It does not appear to be a complicated game," he said finally. "If one follows a few simple rules, no serious difficulty presents itself. But to be on the safe side I'm going to take you along with me on Saturday, Fred. You'll carry this book. I may need to refresh my memory on occasion."

I thought Saturday would never come. When father got home from work he was in a bad humor. Mother put lunch in front of him. "Your golf clothes are laid out on the bed."

"I don't own any golf clothes."

"You do now," mother said. "I bought them yesterday."

"But I'll never play golf after today," father protested.

Mother wouldn't argue with him. She seemed serene, but an expectant glitter was in her eyes. Father pushed his plate away finally, and, still grumbling, went upstairs.

We could hear him muttering to himself, and finally he came down—

stairs very slowly. He stood in the hallway looking as though ready to run if we so much as smiled.

"You look fine," mother said, clapping her hands.

"The things itch!" father said. He reached down and scratched hard at the wool stockings. "I'm not going."

The car was parked at the curb in front of the house. Father wouldn't step outside until he had surveyed the street and seen it was deserted. Then he grabbed his golf clubs and hurried down the steps and across the footpath. There was no one on the footpath, but Mr. Murchison was smoking a pipe on his porch next door, and the pipe fell out of his mouth when he saw father.

"Hey, Harve," he yelled gleefully, "where's the masquerade?"

Father didn't answer. We climbed hurriedly into the car and set off down the road.

Father felt better as soon as we reached the country club. There were other men there in knickers and he didn't feel so out of place, but every few minutes he surreptitiously reached down to scratch his legs.

Mr. Lewis—the man who had come to see father—was at the door to meet us. He showed us round the club, and mother made a great hit with him. Before long, she and Mr. Lewis were walking ahead, father and I bringing up the rear.

"Your mother laps this up," father whispered proudly to me. "To the manner born."

We left mother at the terrace, and Mr. Lewis said he'd meet father and me at the first tee. He wanted to round up two other players to make a foursome.

As we walked along the path, father said to me, "Fred, this may be the cat's pyjamas to your mother, but I'd just as soon work in the yard Saturday afternoons. I'm not going to join, and I just hope your mother doesn't take a fancy to anyone she meets up there."

MR. LEWIS was there with two other men when we reached the tee, and a boy came up and tried to take father's golf bag away from him. Father yanked it back and glared at him.

"He's a caddie," Mr. Lewis said. "He carries your clubs for you."

"I may have been tricked into wearing short pants, Lewis," father said, "but I'm not so feeble I can't carry my own clubs."

Mr. Lewis smiled and explained that father could carry his own clubs if he wished to, but most golfers employed a caddie. Father realised he had made a faux pas and gave in.

The other men were introduced as Mr. Edgecomb and Mr. Whipple. Mr. Edgecomb had played considerable golf, but Mr. Whipple had played only five or six times. He was a timid, apologetic-looking little man.

"Let's choose partners," Mr. Edgecomb said. "Lewis and I shoot in the high nineties, and Whipple's a beginner. How about you, Tanner?"

Father said, "I'll probably shoot about an eighty-five."

Mr. Edgecomb's eyebrows went up. "In that event," he said, "you'd better take Whipple as a partner."

Father was invited to shoot first, and he stepped up to the tee and, with a cigar gripped tightly in his mouth, stared hard at the ball. His lips were moving as he repeated to himself the rules he had memorised. He raised the club, brought it down, and the ball sailed straight down the fairway for about one hundred and sixty yards.

"Just as I surmised," father said. "A simple matter of following directions." He turned to me. "Nothing

to the game for a red-blooded man. Child's play."

Mr. Whipple was not so successful. He missed the ball on his first attempt, and the second stroke toppled the ball weakly along the ground.

I could see that Mr. Whipple was already getting under father's skin. "Sorry, partner," Mr. Whipple said, with an apologetic smile. "I'm afraid I'm going to be a handicap to you."

"Nonsense," father said. "The cardinal rule in this game is not to look up. You looked up. Don't do it again!"

"No, sir," Mr. Whipple said, and giggled nervously.

Father's second shot was a few yards short of the green, and when it was his turn to play he said to me, "Turn to Page Twenty-seven and read me what it says there."

I rifled through the pages while Mr. Edgecomb and Mr. Lewis stared at each other and then at father.

"For the chip shot," I read aloud, "place the feet fairly close together, playing the ball back toward the right foot. Remember that the club's contact with the turf should come immediately after stroking the ball, not before. It is essential—"

"Ruined," father said, with a hollow groan, staring wild-eyed at mother.

Please turn to page 33

THE FASCINATING ART OF BEING A WOMAN

FASHION HAS
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YOU A VERY NICE
PERSON TO KNOW

Underline your loveliness with a

The great designers have drawn you a new fashion-portrait—a lovely, ravishing shape.

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Sheer MAGIC

Just for one night she let herself dream, making believe it was true.

ELIZABETH sat cross-legged on the drawing-room floor and gazed up at her dress with awe and reverence. It hung on a dummy, complete to the last stitch.

Beatrice, her sister, declared she was mad to spend her coupons and money upon tulle and taffeta. But the dress was part of her dream, and she had to make it.

It was lovely, useless—something she had never possessed in the years of war, or in those later months when she had taken almost complete charge of her sister's home and child, coming to take over as soon as the news came through that Bill Greenways, Beatrice's husband, had been killed in action.

Before the war Bill had had a very good job, and worked very hard. He always seemed a little worried about Beatrice, worried about living up to her, making enough money for her, keeping her constantly amused.

For some reason Bill was in Elizabeth's mind now as she knelt on the floor before her dress. It was a dress of no age, and every age. She had made every stitch of it herself, she had fitted it at night before the long mirror in her room, and now the dress was not only finished, but to-night she was going to wear it at a dance.

Terry came stumping in from the frosty garden, put his arm round her neck, and stared at the dress.

"When are you going to the ball?" he asked solemnly.

"To-night," she told him.

"Who is going to take care of me?"

"Mummy."

He stared at her incredulously.

"Did mummy say so?"

"Of course."

It had not been quite "of course."

Beatrice had said crossly, "Don't be so ridiculous, Betty. Of course you may go if Mrs. Henderson asked you. Anyone would think I kept you chained in the house. It's a nuisance it being Saturday . . . I'm sure to have some other invitations. But it will give me an excuse to refuse Mrs. Henderson. Besides, I hate these junior dances. I can't understand you wanting to go among a lot of young girls, Betty."

Her eyes were cold in the mirror, above the coral sheen of her housecoat, and her voice put a shadow across Elizabeth's dream. It made her, at twenty-five, feel old. She said, numbly, "What sort of dances do you like?"

"I don't like dances," said Beatrice slowly. "I like small, intimate parties where I can pick my friends. Or I like dining alone, with someone really nice . . . someone about thirty-five. Or going to the theatre . . ."

"Not a great floor?" asked Elizabeth, with skirts swinging to the music and waltzes, and chandeliers, and yourself in a wonderful dress . . . ?"

"Like your dream dress?" Beatrice laughed, and gave her a little condescending pat. "You're too romantic, Elizabeth. Being romantic doesn't get a woman anywhere. Even if you are romantic inside . . . you know what I mean."

"No, I don't know."

"Well, don't dabble in dreams. I wanted a certain sort of life, and I got it. Security—through marrying Bill."

"Did Bill get the life he wanted?" asked Elizabeth unexpectedly.

"Of course," Beatrice looked up sharply from her mirror, "of course. He was ideally happy. He adored me."

"Are you," asked Elizabeth, a

great light breaking on her, "thinking of marrying again?"

"What if I am?" asked Beatrice defensively.

"It is said that people who have been happily married invariably marry again."

Beatrice looked impatient. "I've had one marriage that was—successful," she did not say happy, "I'm still young. I'm comfortably off . . ."

She regarded her own reflection with an air of satisfaction as though what she saw pleased her. "If I marry again it will be for something quite different."

"Do you mean you've met someone you're in love with?"

"I don't know about love. I met someone, just once, very briefly, I want . . . I'm waiting until I meet him again."

Elizabeth stared breathlessly. This idea of planning your life fascinated her. She thought of the handsome, amusing, attractive men who came to Beatrice's parties—the men who never noticed her. Beatrice had already picked one out—had said to herself, "This man will be mine." It was incredible. She wanted to ask which one it was, but could not. She knew now why Beatrice was always going out, always meeting new people, always searching for someone.

Now, to-night, she thought again of what Beatrice had said. This was the evening she had been waiting for—Mrs. Henderson's dance. It was childish she knew to weave such dreams about it. But it was like the first dance—as though she were making her debut.

She went into the kitchen and got Terry his tea and sat with him while he ate it. It was five o'clock and Beatrice had not yet returned.

Elizabeth had a game with Terry before she bathed him and put him to bed.

She set out a tray for Beatrice with some cold supper, leaving everything so that she would only have to heat herself some coffee and boil the kettle to fill her hot-water bottle. She wrote out the shopping list for the next morning. It was half-past six.

She went upstairs and turned on the bath. Then she ran downstairs into the drawing-room and took her dress from the dummy, holding it against her, stroking it with gentle, loving hands. It was then that the first hint of doubt assailed her. It was nearly seven and Beatrice was not home.

She stood there with a queer feeling of fatality sweeping over her, a sort of waiting, as though a decision were to be made for her, and while she waited the telephone bell rang. She put down the dress and slowly went across and lifted the receiver. It was Beatrice.

"Is that you, Betty? Listen, I know you will never forgive me, but I simply can't come back to-night. I'll make it up to you. I'll take you out specially next week. I know you were looking forward to the dance, but I just can't come . . . something has happened."

"What has happened?" asked Elizabeth numbly.

"You remember me speaking of someone—someone I had seen long ago? Well, he's in England and he'll be at a party to-night. The man I went out with this afternoon told me, not realising of course that it meant anything to me. He asked me to come along with him. I must go. I may never get another opportunity . . ."

Please turn to page 35



Smiling down at her, the stranger said softly, "This is romantic, exciting, and wildly improbable."

from **S**tart



to **F**inish

its lingering flavour
pleases



...its creamy
smoothness *lasts*

Nestlé's Chocolate never palls on the palate. As you follow one taste-tempting morsel with another, your enjoyment increases. You find the smooth, creamy flavour more and more irresistible...giving you, from start to finish, a pleasure that is enhanced by the knowledge that when you eat Nestlé's Chocolate, you are enjoying the purest chocolate that money can buy.

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Costume jewellery from America



● Gold plate butterfly brooch set with colored stones (above). Multi-colored stones in a cluster make one earring. The other is silver, triple plated with gold, set with large emerald.



● This lovely bracelet is hand-wrought in Mexican silver. The jade also comes from Mexico and in color and quality is hard to tell from Chinese jade.



● These unusual earrings come from Mexico, too, and are made of hand-finished Mexican silver.



● Beautifully designed crown for a brooch with earrings to match. Made in gold-plated silver, it is set with large tri-colored stones and tiny rhinestones.



● A gold-plated choker (right) and (lower right) gold-plated marguerite earrings which can also be screwed on to ribbon velvet to tie round neck or wrists.



● Hand-made Mexican silver grape cluster brooch and a gold-plated leaf brooch set with one large aquamarine and a row of small rhinestones.



DREAMS CAN COME TRUE



I DREAMT I MARRIED TED LAST NIGHT — NOT MUCH CHANCE OF IT HAPPENING — HE'S BEEN SO COOL LATELY

MAYBE JUDY'S GOT SOMETHING TO DO WITH THAT — TED SEEMS VERY INTERESTED



TELL ME, WHAT CAN TED SEE IN JUDY — WHAT'S SHE GOT THAT I NEED!

WELL, SHE'S GOT BREATH APPEAL FOR ONE THING — NO UNPLEASANT BREATH WITH HER — IF I WERE YOU I'D SCOOT ALONG TO THE DENTIST!



TO COMBAT UNPLEASANT BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM — FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE, THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S STOPS UNPLEASANT BREATH INSTANTLY!

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COLGATE'S BRINGS OUT THE NATURAL SPARKLE OF YOUR TEETH, TOO! AND I SIMPLY LOVE COLGATE'S DELICIOUS WAKE-UP FLAVOUR!

LATER — THANKS TO COLGATE DENTAL CREAM

SO DREAMS CAN COME TRUE — THANKS TO YOU, BETH.

I'M GLAD FOR YOUR SAKE, HONEY, THAT YOU WOKE UP IN TIME!



REMEMBER!

TWICE A DAY AND BEFORE EVERY DATE

USE

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



Prints from New York



● Slim dinner frock in a black-and-white flower print. The pointed tunic top, cap sleeves, and heart-shaped neckline are boned with black net.



● Black sequins outline spiky black flowers printed on white crepe top and repeat the design on the flowing net skirt of Russek's evening frock. Long black gloves add drama.

● Pink and black cotton with pink banded cap sleeves, zipper-fastened from the deep V neck, front fullness in the skirt, caught in with a black patent belt.



● Egyptian stripes in a blue, white, and black print. Bodice is softened with a big bow at the slanting neckline and a patent belt ties with a twin bow above centre skirt flare.



● "Buddha" print of green and blue Chinese figures on black. Long tunic top and narrow skirt are slit at sides, and severe mandarin collar fastens with sequined buttons.

Courtaulds

LIMITED, ENGLAND

RAYON

for loveliness
that lasts



New clothes are an event these days and it is wise to buy for quality. You will therefore find it advantageous to purchase dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayon. If you prefer to make your own things at home, the lovely rayon fabrics made from Courtaulds yarns provide quality and service as well as beauty. Courtaulds rayon is still available, although the quantity is restricted.



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NYLEX smile

Nylex is the smile that defeats an argument any time—even wins over husbands who object to the price of new hats. Dazzling white and sparkling bright... give yourself a Nylex smile by regular after-meal use of a Nylex nylon-tuft toothbrush. It's waterproof and "anti-soggy", and shaped to clean your teeth in every crevice. When you need a toothbrush... ask your chemist for NYLEX.

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NYLEX NYLON TUFT
TOOTHBRUSH

A product of The National Brush Co. (Aust.) Ltd., Sydney.



at your
Loveliest...

when you make the most of yourself

Take the shining roll of your hair... the colour of your eyes... the appealing satin-smoothness of your skin... and see yourself at your loveliest, when you highlight your own natural good points with the flattering, flower-fresh finish of Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder... and the heartwarming radiance of Pond's "Lips".

For you, to make the most of yourself... to give you a new, more

glamorous personality!

You'll adore the silky-softness of Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder. You'll be thrilled with the smooth, flattering finish it gives your complexion... and the way this exquisitely fine-textured powder stays on, hour after hour.

You'll be thrilled with the glowing colour of your Pond's "Lips" too! It goes on so smoothly... and keeps on looking fresh.



Make-up trick
to make you
lovelier...

Remember that your make-up looks very different by daylight or artificial light... so it is very important to put on your powder, rouge and lipstick in the light in which it is to appear. That's why you should always have natural daylight to apply your daylight make-up... and artificial light for your evening make-up.



Pond's Dreamflower Face Powder in four complexion-toning shades: Rosal, Suntan, Rose Brancote and Natural. Small size, 1/8 oz. Large size (almost double quantity), 2/10 oz. — at all chemists, druggists and department stores.



POND'S Dreamflower Face Powder

Use with Pond's Cold and Vanishing Creams



POND'S "LIPS" STAY ON...



AND ON...



AND ON!

And remember
Pond's "LIPS"
stay on longer!



WOMEN of perception use perfume with discretion, never making the mistake of overdoing it.

PERSONALITY IN PERFUME

● Perfume has a personality of its own, elusive and undefined but quite unmistakable, and in choosing her particular perfumes each woman must make sure she is selecting something in key with her own essential individuality.

By CAROLYN EARLE

THE woman of perception who has an appreciation of fragrance will be faithful to it forever, just as the perfume will be faithful to her.

Latest fashion fashions make it increasingly clear that the art of choosing the right perfume is becoming something above and beyond a mere consciousness of fragrance.

To-day there are not only personally perfumes, but perfumes for all ages and types, from the teenager to the mature matron, as well as perfume to complement and accentuate the costume of the moment.

For instance, if you are strictly high glamor in your best bib and tucker, topped off with a gleaming mink coat, there is a special perfume to go with the decor.

Or if you are immaculately tailored with a slew of sables trailing across the shoulder-line, there is a suitably expensive selection to maintain that motif.

There are individual perfumes for

beachwear, for sportswear, and for morning, noon, and night wear, each claiming to be blended to retain its subtlety in the particular atmosphere in which it will be worn.

Chameleon-like in response to mood and element, perfume has to be pampered. Choose several for your twists of temperament, so that in exercising to the full your woman's privilege you also add to your own enchantment.

But because it is sensitive, be sympathetic and understanding, too. Keep your precious liquids in the gloom and away from too much warmth, to guard against evaporation or possible loss of personality.

It is wasteful to open more than one bottle of perfume at once, but if you would like a change seal the current bottle with sealing wax and heard away in a shady or dark place.

Perfume is a luxury. It should be selected with care and discretion, and worn with pride and enjoyment. Make the search for a new one a personal and exciting quest.

It is a necessity to all truly feminine women. They respond to the

lure, and it gives them buoyant stimulation of the spirit. A woman feels at her best with all her wiles and weapons about her, and perfume is her traditional ally.

In fact, perfume is tradition itself. Perfumery was a highly developed art in the days of the ancient Egyptians, when precious perfumes were specially distilled for the use of worshippers entering the temples of their gods and goddesses.

Perfume is still an art both in the distilling of the fragrances and in the wearing. An art that is understood and used by the few rather than the many.

French women are most clever of all; they wear their perfume as an aura, an invisible radiance, a subtle diffusion. Never dabbed heavily behind the ears, ignoring the body.

The most discerning way to wear your perfume is to rub or spray it lightly over the body before dressing. The warmth of the skin, the chemistry of the body and the perfume unite to complete the symphony of scent, causing the fragrance to grow lovelier with the passing hours.

To this you may add any small whimsy that appeals to you—a touch at the hairline or on the eyebrows, at the base of the throat, the bend of the elbow, or the ear-lobes.

Or take a little cotton amulet and wear it inside your gown, simply by saturating a tiny ball of cotton with fragrance and tying it inside a small square of chiffon.

Some absorbent cotton saturated with cologne and placed in your box of personal notepaper will make your letters to intimate friends carry a special message of loveliness. But keep your stationery for other purposes safely distant.

A little cologne may be used for damping the ends of your hair when setting it. It dries quicker and leaves the hair delicately scented; it does have a tendency to dry the hair, though.

Try a few drops of eau-de-cologne or toilet water in the final rinse-water when washing your stockings, undies, or sweaters.

A few drops on your hairbrush before brushing your hair and some in the final rinse of your weekly shampoo will add a delicate aroma.

If you wear artificial flowers, add that extra something with a faint whiff of fragrance.

Be lovelier tonight!
It's wonderful the way a gentle
Lux Toilet Soap facial
leaves skin softer, smoother.
I always use Lux Toilet Soap

Actual Statement by
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In recent tests, 3 out of 4
complexions improved in a
very short time with
LUX TOILET SOAP.

Try Hollywood's own complexion care — active-lather facials with pure white Lux Toilet Soap. Put the rich, creamy lather gently into your skin. Rinse with warm water splash with cold and pat with soft towel to dry. Your skin will feel softer, smoother.



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Sundek Fabric
STILL YARDS AHEAD!



AMERICAN Mrs. Carl Shreve, visiting Sydney, is impressed with the range of perfumes available; but finds she cannot get her favorites, Chanel No. 5 and Tabu, made in Brazil. She can't buy them in the United States, either, but replenished her supply in Mexico before coming to Australia.

The Australian Women's Weekly — July 13, 1946

Page 15

*"If you're making a change, Miss Jones,
I'd advise this one"....(Says the Chemist)*



*"Ipana won't work miracles but it
DOES CLEAN TEETH. I know you'll
like Ipana because I notice that every
customer who tries it comes back for
it again and again."*

IPANA

does all a tooth paste CAN do
for your teeth and gums

Whilst cleaning your teeth thoroughly Ipana makes them white and sparkling. It is refreshingly different and leaves your mouth cool, pleasant, and wholesome.

Use Ipana after every meal if possible, and certainly night and morning, with a thorough up-and-down brushing so that it can get between

the teeth. Ipana does not claim to restore teeth that need a dentist's attention, but it does help to preserve your teeth because it gives decay no chance to start.

It is significant that a National Survey revealed that dentists themselves choose Ipana for their own personal use 3 to 1 over any other dentifrice.



Refreshingly different—

IPANA

TOOTH PASTE



MRS. R. G. CASEY, back in Australia after six years abroad.



DISTINGUISHED AUSTRALIAN Mr. Richard Gardiner Casey.

Informal talk with the cosmopolitan Caseys

They're picking up home threads after six years' absence

Australians have been speculating this past couple of months on the future of Richard Gardiner Casey, back in his own country after six years abroad, during which time he has acquired international status.

Meanwhile Mr. Casey has been visiting the various States catching up on developments during his absence from his homeland. Mrs. Casey usually accompanied him on these visits.

WE went out to have a talk with the Caseys and take some photographs while they were in Sydney recently. If a prize were given for the ideal photographic subjects in public life, the Caseys would probably win it.

Not only are they a handsome couple who fall in with the photographer's requests with the practised ease of people who have been photographed all over the world, but they can keep up the thread of a conversation while nimbly stepping over flexes trailing from improvised studio lights.

Whatever decision Mr. Casey may make about his future in Australia, there is no doubt Mrs. Casey will be as great an asset to him at home as she has been abroad.

She is a handsome woman, which is fortunate. It would be a misfortune to be plain and be the wife of Mr. Casey, whose good looks have been the subject of comment since he first entered politics, and who at 55, now greying, is as distinguished in appearance as ever.

She has lovely grey hair, bright blue eyes, and a good complexion. She is extremely intelligent, has shared her husband's career throughout, and has a capable approach to anything she wants to do. It is typical of her that years ago when her husband owned a plane she learned to fly too. (The plane, handed over to the R.A.A.F. during the war, will soon be returned to them.)

She is an artist, though the past six years have not given her much time for her painting.

With Mr. Casey successively Australian Minister in Washington, British Minister in the Middle East, and Governor of Bengal, she has

had her hands full as a diplomat's wife.

In Washington, Cairo, and Calcutta she has proved herself an efficient and charming hostess.

Mrs. Casey plans to interest herself in education now that she is home.

"I don't pretend to any special knowledge," she said, "nor have I as yet any pet theories. I want to meet teachers if I can and learn what is being done and develop some ideas on the subject."

"For it seems to me that education is of paramount importance in building a future for humanity."

"In my years abroad I have met women of many countries, and seen the two extremes—America where women have every opportunity, and India, where the majority are still subservient and uneducated," Mrs. Casey continued.

"I believe that the progress of a country is dependent on the status accorded its women."

"I'm not a feminist in the old-fashioned sense," she added, "but I believe women must take a full share in the community's job."

"I am inclined to agree with Lady Reading, head of the Women's Voluntary Services in London," she said, "who says that men are better at policy, women at detail."

She takes a pride in the fact that Australian women in wartime did as good a job as any in the war. "Not only the servicewomen," said Mrs. Casey, "but the countrywomen. So many of them who were not young ran properties while their men were away, working in hard, often rough, conditions."

This country still has a lot of the pioneering spirit left in it, Mrs. Casey believes.

She wants to write a book on the subject of pioneers among her own forebears. Her great-grandfather, J. J. Piers, bought a piece of land at



BREAKFAST OUT-OF-DOORS for Mr. and Mrs. Casey when they stayed with friends in Sydney.

the first land sale in Melbourne in 1838.

"I want to write it for my children, Jane and Donn," she said, "and illustrate it myself. I heard the stories from my father, and, like so many tales of the early days, it will be lost if I don't write it soon."

In America Mrs. Casey did a great deal to further the cause of Australian art. The Art of Australia exhibition, which went to America in 1941, and has been returned recently, was very much publicised by the Caseys when they were in Washington.

According to Mr. Casey, many Americans still think of Australia as a "pick and shovel country," and the exhibition of work by Australian painters did something to dispel that idea.

Mrs. Casey drew American atten-

tion to the work of Russell Drysdale and Peter Purves Smith.

One of Drysdale's pictures was bought by the Metropolitan Museum in New York, and one of Purves Smith's by the Museum of Modern Art.

Australia's problems

MR. CASEY had his bag on the porch of his host's home, ready for a trip to Newcastle to see the coalfields.

While we took pictures of them walking on the terrace, having tea, and admiring a painting which had been on loan to the Art of Australia exhibition in America, Mr. Casey talked of the things he finds most discussed in Australia to-day.

"Our biggest job here is to get production under way. As far as ex-

port markets are concerned Australia has the ball at her feet.

"India is wide open as a market, Australian businessmen recognise this."

"When I was in India there were more Australian businessmen there than from any other country. But it is one thing to have a market and another to be able to fulfil its demands."

"Every country is facing this problem of swinging over to peacetime production."

One thing that impressed both the Caseys in their years abroad was the number of Australians they met who had gone overseas to meet the success they deserved.

"Too many good men," said Mr. Casey, "particularly in medicine, science, and engineering, have been lost to this country."

"We don't pay them enough money to keep them. This export of brains is a calamity."

"Wherever I was abroad I met Australians. My great find was the man who is now Chief Executive of UNRETA. He is Commander R. G. J. Jackson, R.A.N., now visiting Australia."

"I discovered him when, attached to the R.N., he was provisioning Malta."

"At that time I was British Minister in the Middle East, and arranged to get him to come to Cairo to take charge of the Middle East Supply Centre, where he did a magnificent job in organising supplies for fifty million people."

"Still under 35, he is an absolutely outstanding administrator and organiser."

"While we can't afford to lose men of talent, we should try to make it possible for more people to visit other countries."

"Politicians, schoolteachers, the Press—all those people who influence public opinion—should have more opportunity to travel."

"Our distance from other countries has made this difficult. Even in Australia there isn't enough interstate travel."

"The States are almost like separate islands, with a big mass of people who know only their own State."

By this time we wanted one more picture of Mr. Casey, and suggested that he produce his pipe.

"A pipe always helps in a man's portrait," said the photographer.

"Ben Chifley thinks so," said Mr. Casey, as he pulled his from his pocket.

JULY 13, 1946

SERVICE IN JAPAN

TYPISTS are still so badly needed in BCOF headquarters at Kure, Japan, that courses in typing for male clerks have begun.

More than two months ago, our special correspondent referred to this lack in a cable from Kure. She said she had seen majors and captains typing with two fingers and dialling engaged numbers over and over again because they had nobody to do it for them.

In civil life nobody with executive duties tries to get through the day's work without the help of a well-trained secretary.

Since BCOF is an occupation force and not a fighting one, much of its activity is of an administrative or governmental type involving detail and routine work of the kind women do so well.

Throughout the war years women were on the job in such capacities in all the services and there seems no reason why they shouldn't continue their good work in Japan. The authorities have certainly given no satisfactory explanation for unwillingness to recruit women for service there.

Conditions would not be as trying, or work as arduous, as in Northern Australia and New Guinea, where the girls did wartime duty.

Initial work of arranging accommodation and amenities would soon be offset by easier working of headquarters business.

And what a fine thing it would be for the boys of the Australian brigade if there were stationed among them a few hundred girls from their own country with whom they could talk and dance in the canteens!

Eleanor Roosevelt's answers make bright book

Of all the hundreds of questions that Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt has been asked in her column, "If You Ask Me" in the Ladies' Home Journal, there is only one she refused to answer.

The question was: "What did your husband say to you when he proposed?"

Mrs. Roosevelt replied: "That is a question that I do not think I have any obligation to answer. There are some things in life which one should be allowed to keep to oneself."

MRS. ROOSEVELT has conducted this popular column for the past four years, and a selection from the questions now appears in a book, "If You Ask Me."

Anyone who has wondered, as apparently thousands of Americans have done, whether Mrs. Roosevelt writes this column herself may find their answer in the book.

She firmly repudiates the idea that anyone else does it.

"I write my column myself," she says. "I dictate it to my secretary, who takes it down directly on the typewriter, and then I correct it."

The questions range from a 12-year-old girl's inquiry whether her mother should let her make dates with boys to the negro question and free enterprise as opposed to Socialism.

Flashes of wit sparkle in her answers to some questions. "Have you any good friends who are Republicans?"

"I hope so," cracks back Mrs. Roosevelt.

"What do you think of the increasing tendency of to-day's novelists to use so many words not spoken in polite society?"

"I did not know there were any words left that were not spoken in polite society," she says.

Mrs. Roosevelt's thoughtful answers reveal the personality, intelligence, and tolerance that have made her such an outstanding woman in world of many notable women.

Many of the questions asked by Americans could have been asked by Australians.

These discuss the fight for equality of women with men, establishment of national theatres, status of domestic workers, divorce, labor problems, the postwar situation.

In her answer to "What is your philosophy in life?" Mrs. Roosevelt says: "I do not know that I have any very well-thought-out personal philosophy. I think perhaps the thing I consider the most important is to bring as little unhappiness into the world as possible."

"All of us at times inevitably bring some unhappiness to other people. If we try, however, to train ourselves so that our approach to life shall be one of kindness and cheerfulness, I think we will contribute something to the general happiness of the world."

"In addition, I think perhaps another important thing for real satisfaction is the knowledge that whatever we do is done to the best of our ability, whether it is taking

care of a baby, scrubbing a floor, or writing a scientific treatise."

From dozens of other answers the reader can find out just what Mrs. Roosevelt likes and what she doesn't.

She prefers classical to hot music because it is better.

The three women she admires most are Florence Nightingale, Madame Curie, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. She considers that the three most



"MRS. ELEANOR ROOSEVELT"

important qualifications in a husband are that he must be honest, not only in material things, but intellectually, be capable of real love, and that he shall find the world an increasingly interesting place in which to live day by day.

She is not superstitious, except for occasionally knocking on wood.

Her pet economy is saving string. She admits to being a very poor cook.

Her favorite flower is lily of the valley. She likes all shades of blue and she has no favorite perfume.

She confesses to having three nicknames. When she was very small she was called "Granny," then "Tottie," and her father used to call her "Little Nell."

In her opinion, people are happier in marriage when neither one is boss and both are willing to give as well as take.

She admits to occasionally losing her temper. "But not," she says, "in the way one usually thinks of as losing one's temper. I become cold and silent, and I regret to say that

my children recognise this and say, 'Look out, Ma's mad!'"

Many people write to Mrs. Roosevelt to ask her opinion on divorce.

To Mrs. Roosevelt divorce is desirable when two people have found they can no longer live together happily.

She says: "Certain religions do not recognise divorce, and, of course I am not talking about people who belong to those religions, but it is a rare thing that people who are unhappy together can have a home where there is an atmosphere of kindness, consideration, and unity, which is the only atmosphere in which children can develop successfully."

"It is better, I think, to make the inevitable adjustment and separate, hoping that both people involved may find companionship and love with someone else, or that one can make of life alone something worth living."

In the section of the book given to questions by leading Americans—actors, editors, public officials, writers, and singers—Mr. Paul Popenoe, Director of the American Institute of Family Relations, asks Mrs. Roosevelt:

"Do you think the present general policy of boards of education to discharge a teacher if she marries and refuse to employ as a teacher any woman who has a husband is sound?"

Her answer is: "No. I have never believed that marriage made one less valuable as a teacher. In fact, it should give one more experience and make for a better teacher."

People who imagine they are too tall can take comfort from Mrs. Roosevelt's homely bit of advice.

A reader asks her: "I'm as tall as you, and I'd like to know what you do when you meet short people."

Mrs. Roosevelt says: "Perhaps I bend over a little bit. As a matter of fact, I try to remember to stand as straight as I can most of the time, because tall people are apt to grow round-shouldered."

"But I never notice whether people I am talking to are short or tall. To be unconscious of one's height is the best way to make other people unconscious of it, too."

Many of the questions sent in to Mrs. Roosevelt are highly personal, such as the ones: "Do you own large shares in the Southern cotton and textile industries? I have heard that this is why you are interested in colored people," or "Being a hair-dresser it has often puzzled me why a modern woman such as you has never changed her hair-style."

Mrs. Roosevelt answers them all with politeness and disarming frankness, so much so that it puzzled one reader, who asked:

"Will you please tell me how you manage to answer, in such a friendly, courteous, and considerate manner, the rude and impertinent questions asked you?"

"Aren't you sometimes tempted to refuse to continue your column?"

Mrs. Roosevelt said: "I never think of questions as being rude and impertinent. I have accepted the assignment of answering a page of questions once a month, and anyone has a right to ask whatever he feels inclined to ask."

Interesting People



MR. CORNELIUS CONYN

... wrote in prison camp in grim Sumatra prison camp. Dutch Cornelius Conyn wrote MS of story, "The Night Is Dying." It starts in prewar France, goes to Far East. Mr. Conyn was with hospital unit, is spending leave in Sydney. Was loaned as orderly to party of 250 Australian prisoners. Made many friends among them. Novel MS was twice destroyed and rewritten. Is first MS in English, has had two novels published in Dutch. One book in English, "History of Spanish Dance," was published in 1938. Before war was art and ballet critic in Paris for Dutch Consolidated Press.



MISS LEONTINE SAGAN

... enjoys producing here BECAUSE she thinks Australian casts "so young, fresh, enthusiastic." Viennese-born Leontine Sagan enjoys her new job of producing plays here for J. C. Williamson's. Current work is Ivor Novello's "Dancing Years" at His Majesty's, Melbourne. Brought up in South Africa, was dramatic actress on Continent. Had great success as producer of "Children in Uniform" in London in 1933. Has produced six Novello shows. Is married to publisher Dr. Rictor Fleischer.



DR. ERNEST WHITFIELD

... blind but unconquerable PLAYING the piano peacefully in his English home is welcome change for blind musician 58-year-old Dr. Ernest Whitfield, one of five governors of B.B.C., after years spent organising underground news service in France during Nazi occupation. He lost his sight when only 21 years old. Was trapped in France when war broke out. Soon with local priest's help organised resistance movement. Managed to send his family to Canada, where they remain for present.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep



AVIATOR Jimmy Morrison attends premiere of "Smithy" at State Theatre with Mrs. J. F. Chambers. Guests at the premiere were entertained after the show by the managing director of Columbia Pictures, and producer of "Smithy," Mr. Nick Perry.



AIRWOMAN Mrs. Charles Walton (Nancy Bird) with her husband attends premiere of "Smithy." It was Nancy's first night out after birth of her son, John.



ROYAL COUPLE AT LUNCHEON. The Governor-General, the Duke of Gloucester (left), with Federal chairman of the Australia Comforts Fund, Mr. S. S. Crick, and the Duchess at a luncheon at the Australia Hotel given in their honor. After the luncheon, the Duke and Duchess attended the final rally of the Fund at the Town Hall.

Intimate Gossipings

BUBBLING with enthusiasm, pretty, blonde Jeanne Huie comes in to tell me she is off to France by flying-boat this Tuesday to continue her singing lessons in Paris.

Jeanne, who has been studying in Melbourne for the past four years with Russian teacher Adolph Spivakovsky, has been accepted as a pupil by the Conservatoire National de Musique, Paris. There she will study singing with Professor Gabrielle Baulot.

Jeanne's aim is to continue her studies to be an opera singer. "I don't want to return to Australia until I've really made the grade," says Jeanne. She adds that she can hardly wait until she reaches Paris to hear the opera, and intends to go the first day, even though she may be tired from her journey.

Jeanne is taking with her some special Australian-designed and printed fabrics which will be made by famous Parisian designer Schlaepfer, and which Jeanne hopes to model herself for "Vogue."

CHAT to Premier, Mr. McKell, and his daughter Betty at "Smithy" premiere and hear that one of the most prized possessions in the McKell home is a spark plug from the Southern Cross, which was presented to Mr. McKell by the late Charles Ulm after the Southern Cross had done the trip to Keopang to pick up the English mail.



SHORE DANCE. Judith Cooper and Alister Robson look over floor plan at Trocadero for Shore Old Boys' Union Dance, which will be held on July 16. Dance is first for seven years, and will be in form of welcome home to some of the 1974 old boys who served during the war.



POLO. Mrs. E. J. Merriman, of Ravensworth, Yass, watches her son, Owen, play for Mascot at Eyecemagh, with Pauline Weir, of Bertangles, Yass.



MAYORAL RECEPTION. Mrs. C. R. McKerihan, wife of Hon. Federal Administrator, with Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Sloman, of Melbourne, at the reception held after A.C.F. Final Rally at the Town Hall. Mr. Sloman represented Victoria at the rally.

GAITY in Melbourne when Group-Captain and Mrs. C. O. Fairbairn give dance for daughter Alethea at Grosvenor. Alethea comes to town from Banongill, Skipton, last week to choose engagement ring with her fiancé, Philip Russell.

After marriage in few months' time, Alethea will make her home at Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. Alex Russell's property, Mawallok, Beaufort, which Philip has been managing for his father since A.I.F. discharge.

Many distinguished guests entertained at this famous Western District property include Duke and Duchess of Gloucester and Lady Louis Mountbatten.



SHIVERING in the July winds, I envy Jill and Neil McClymont their trip to Southport, Queensland, where they go off for their honeymoon after their marriage at St. Martin's, Killara. Attractive Jill is the elder daughter of R. C. D. Ginnock, of Bulalong Station, Bombala. Couple will make their future home on Neil's property, Tralee, Blackall, Queensland.

ATTRACTIVE Elizabeth Morahead was hostess at a luncheon party at Prince's when she entertained Mrs. Bob Malloch, Sheila Kidd, from Tamworth, and Elspeth Miller, daughter of Major-General Miller, chief-of-staff to the Duke of Gloucester. Elspeth recently arrived in Australia with her mother, and while in Sydney she was guest of Mrs. Alexis Albert, Vaucluse.



AUSTRALIAN VICTORY PARADE. L. to R.: Major Kathleen Deasey, A.W.A.S.; Matron A. M. Sage, A.A.N.S.; Squadron-Officer Doris Carter, W.A.A.F.; and Matron J. Wheatley, R.A.A.F.N.S., photographed in London, where they were present at the Victory Parade

FAREWELL LUNCHEON. Mrs. "Bess" Meirhofer (fourth from left) entertained friends at luncheon at Prince's before she sailed to join her husband in America. From L. to R.: Jeanette Pitt, Pat Marsland, Joy Donnison, the hostess, Mrs. Ben Wall, Maude Kelly, and Mrs. John Blainey. Mrs. Meirhofer was Vaux's Matters before her marriage.

THREE-DIAMOND engagement ring being worn by Lieut. Hazel Lewis, A.A.N.S., who announces her engagement to Sergeant Stephen Allardice, ex-P.O.W. 8th Division. Hazel is eldest daughter of late Mr. H. R. Lewis, and of Mrs. A. Lewis, and Stephen is eldest son of Mr. S. J. Allardice, of West Hyde, and late Mrs. Allardice.

FUTURE home in British North Borneo for Veda Dowling when she and fiancé, Captain Brian Arrowsmith, of New Farm, Queensland, are married. Veda is popular secretary of the Torch Bearers for Legacy Younger Set, which holds fortnightly cocktail party at Legacy House, 169 Elizabeth Street.

A PIECE of the cake cut by Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Arnold, of Edgecliff, at their fiftieth wedding anniversary party, will be included in the next food parcel sent to Mr. Arnold's 89-year-old mother, Mrs. Louise Arnold, of Purbrook, England.

DINNER dance follows cocktail party at home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Pearce, of Darling Point, when Norma Pearce celebrates her twenty-first birthday.

A retired lieutenant-commander of R.A.N. Mr. Arnold and his wife were married fifty years ago at St. James' Church, Milton, England.

BURGUNDY cocktail suit with pale blue accessories and a corsage of cream orchids decked with burgundy worn by Mrs. Iris Brooker, widow of L.A.C. F. L. Brooker, of Manila, when she quietly marries Edmund Lennon, of Woolahira, at St. Clement's, Marrickville.

R.A.A.F. PILOT FRANK MILK, who was pilot of the Lancaster (460 Squadron) plane of which the bridegroom was a member of the crew, flew from Melbourne to attend the wedding of Cyril Thomas and Gladys Ryan at St. Mary's Church of England, Waverley. Gladys is the only daughter of the John Ryans, of Bondi.

Iris is eldest daughter of G. V. Bowman and of Mrs. P. Bowman, of Bwana, Vista, Upper Manilla, and during the war years has had an active part in the management of the property.

Joyce

BUSINESS GIRLS OF THE WORLD'S BIG CITIES

Most of them feel shortage of food, clothes, and housing

The postwar business girl, like most people in the world to-day, is feeling the effects of six years of war. In many countries she is short of food, finds it hard to get clothes, and feels that "after the war," so long looked forward to, is not yet anything like the dream she imagined when the guns were firing.

On this page are the stories of the lives of business girls in five of the world's great cities—London, Paris, New York, Berlin, and Tokio.

London

By ANNE MATHESON

AFTER nearly seven years inside the starched, starched-forress of London, English business girls look plumper, but pale and tired. They are miraculously smart on their meagre clothes ration, and they are beginning to talk of holidays abroad.

Bettina Walker, pale and plumpish with slightly drooping shoulders, is typical of the London business girl. She is one of many girls in an insurance office near Fleet Street.

I see them every day in a lunch-time queue outside a Lyons tea-shop. They spend 20 minutes of their hunch-hour waiting for the tea and sandwiches they will hurry through before joining the next queue for a packet of cigarettes.

This rush is so much a part of their lives that it is a puzzle how they keep themselves so well-groomed.

Bettina wears her hair like a cottage loaf, with a bun on top. Her hands are well-manicured, but without nail-varnish. Her lightweight tweeds are worn with an air that belies the utility class from which they come.

It is this smart appearance that surprises visitors to London. But if they look more closely they see the tired lines of girls like Bettina.

For much of the strain of the commercial world fell on such slim shoulders as hers.

During the war she did the work of two people. Fire-watching, queueing, housework, plus blizzards and the discomfort of the blackout put her in the heroine class.

She had no uniform, demobilisation leave, or rehabilitation course. But she is the most sought after lady in the city to-day.

Ask any business man what he would give for a good secretary, and his eyes will light up at the prospect of getting one at all. She can name her own salary.

Service girls don't want to go back to office routine, when they can take advantage of Government training schemes and become fully qualified piano-tuners, electricians, and dietitians.

Bettina had to stay in her job during the war, taking on more responsibility as the call-up depleted the ranks of clerks and ledger-keepers.

At 24, her salary is £5/10/-.

"That isn't much for London," she says.

Evacuation broke up her family life, and now she and her sister, Sheila, have bed-sitting rooms with connecting doors at Baywater.

Her rent is £1/7/6. They share a bathroom with the third tenant on their landing.

The building is one of those old London houses converted into service rooms. They were comfortable enough before the war, but are slightly bomb-wrecked now.

Bettina and Sheila and their landlady pray for the day when the Ministry of Works will issue a licence to get some repairs done.

Just now they could not move if they wanted to. Flats are so scarce and expensive.

A potential home-maker, Bettina spends much of her spare time hunting through junk-shops.

During the war, when there was so

little to buy, she developed her taste.

It is reflected in her room, with its white carpet, quilts, and curtains. The carpet she knitted herself and laid it over under-felt.

The curtains, gossamer-like, were made of surgical bandages.

"The marcella quilts are going out of fashion," she said, "but they cost no coupons and are easy to launder."

"Of course all my coupons go on my back, and I'm threadbare underneath."

"This suit is a utility model. I think the Government did a wonderful job with utility clothes."

But all Bettina's ingenuity hasn't worked out a plan for managing on the current issue of coupons.

A pair of shoes and stockings and a light summer blouse will account for the whole 14 available for the half-year.

"Now that dressing is becoming more feminine again we are all beginning to feel a bit browned-off about the Government's lack of sympathy for our desire for new clothes," said Bettina.

Bettina went out more during the war than she does now.

"Though there was more work, the tempo of life was quicker. I had friends dropping in on leave all the time."

She sighed a little for the evenings at the Bagatelle and the Mirabelle.

"Now they like people to wear formal clothes at those places," she said. "Some insist on evening clothes, and I simply cannot spare the coupons for an evening dress."

Bettina feels, too, that the social differences which shrank during the war are widening again.

"It was fun when we were all mazy, swapping our experiences in warden's posts, taking pride in our calloused hands and broken nails from working in the kitchen and digging allotments."

"Now we still have to do those things, but aren't proud any more."

"We queue for Lyons teaspoons. A year ago we were happy in British restaurants and took the West End in our stride."

"Now we are developing inhibitions about where to dine."

She goes with girls from the office to the Albert Hall for Proms, concerts, to Covent Garden, and to Sadlers Wells.

She sits in the gallery at theatres, and belongs to a Little Theatre in Baywater.

But she is by no means a highbrow, and takes no interest in politics.

"The girls in the office don't talk about what's in the paper unless it is food, clothes, train fares, or something that affects them directly," she says.

Bettina is anxious to travel.

"Looking at the water-marks the firemen made when they put out the incendiaries in our flat always reminds me of the map," she said.

On the days when she isn't queuing for a pair of stockings or a lipstick, or a seat at a theatre, she tears off to join the throng that mills round travel agencies.

She has leaflets on Switzerland, Paris, Brussels, and Copenhagen.

However, her £5/10/- a week doesn't leave much to save. Her rent of £1/7/6 doesn't include light and gas, which costs 2/6 a week. Baths cost 2d a night. Her meals



LONDON. The girls are pale and tired. They are feeling the strain of the continued food shortage after six years of war.

cost £1 a week at home, plus 10/- for lunches.

Added to that are 3/- for fares, 10/- for cigarettes, 2/6 for laundry, and £1 a month for fares to visit her parents who live in the country.

That leaves her about £1/10/- for income tax, clothes, and entertainment.

An American friend still sends her stockings. Bettina had thought of marrying him. "But we decided to wait," she said, without much regret in her voice.

She seems very happy in her city office, though a good rest or change would give her the bit of extra energy to enjoy her leisure.

Paris

By BETTY WILSON

FRENCH girls may be career women, but it's only incidental. They're feminine first, last, and always, without ever being coy—and gallantly feminine, too.

That explained their gay appearance when the Allied troops swept into Paris. Those preposterous hats, those ridiculous platform shoes, were all part of the brave face the girls put on during the Occupation.

And they haven't changed, even though life isn't easy for them.

Salaries are three times as much as they used to be, but have not kept pace with the cost of living. Rents, compared with Australia, America, and England, are incredibly low, but food and clothes are from ten to twenty times dearer than before the war.

A pretty business girl told me: "I remember before the war asking my mother if I could buy a lovely real-wool coat, trimmed with real fur."

"It was 200 francs, and my mother said it was too expensive."

"The same coat to-day—only it wouldn't be real wool—would cost at least 12,000 francs (about £30)."

"Before the war a daily woman charged three francs an hour, now 25 francs."

"A cinema seat has gone up from 15 francs to 60."

The best seats in Paris theatres cost 60 francs before the war. Now they're from 125 to 200.

Since the Americans have left Paris there are not very many men who can afford to take a girl to the theatre.

But even though the French girl needs to make serious calculations before she can buy a new dress, go to the theatre, or even buy little extras to supplement her rations, she always manages to look well-groomed.

She puts on her clothes with an air, and she can talk about new colors and the new line even if she can't afford the simplest of summer frocks.

Her hair always looks as if she had just come from the hairdresser, although she washes it at home with ersatz soap and sets it with precious bobby-pins sent her by an American boy-friend.

She has that natural politeness which makes her at home wherever she goes.

Behind everything she does—whether she is a barrister, a business girl, or beginning her career as one

of the little "matchers" on the bottom rung of the ladder in a great dress house—is the thought that one day she will marry and have a home and children.

For that the average French girl is ready to give up all idea of being a career girl, no matter how bright her chances of success may seem.

Typical is 24-year-old Jacqueline Sarre, who is senior hand at the great Lanvin dress house in Paris.

She gets 1800 francs (about £4/10/-) a week, which is quite a lot in Paris.

Jackie loves making pretty clothes, and she is very proud to be a senior girl at Lanvin's, but she is proudest of all because she is going to be married in September.

What is more, the house of Lanvin is giving Jackie her wedding dress.

For months now, Jackie and the other girls in the workroom have been thinking about it, taking a design for a sleeve from one dress, and a tricky cut of the skirt from another.

"A little flat, a husband, and a Lanvin wedding dress! What more can any girl want?" asks pretty, brown-eyed, auburn-haired Jackie.

She has been with Lanvin four years and she intends to go on working for a little while after she marries.

"It's a pity," says Jackie. "Times are hard in France and it is hard to make a living. I should like to have a little daughter right away so that I can make lovely little dresses for her."

Jackie's fiancé has a job in an aircraft factory. Between them they earn about £9 a week. But they will often have to buy on the black market to supplement their rations, which means butter at 12/- a pound, sugar at 5/-, meat at 6/-.

However, Australians will hardly believe the rent of the unfurnished flat they are taking. It is about £10 a year, since unfurnished rents are pegged to prewar prices.

Jackie keeps her expenses down now by eating at Lanvin's canteen, where for 10d or 1/- she gets a plate of soup, a plate of noodles or beans, and, rarely, a little piece of fish and a spoonful of jam.

Both Jackie and her fiancé are crazy about dancing. They go dancing every Saturday night, and sometimes on week nights and Sunday afternoons in winter.

Jackie is happy to see Paris coming to life again. At night she leans out from her balcony, and her heart is full of hope when she sees the lights glittering.

Her feet keep time with the dance tune which the accordion in the street below is playing.

"To be 24, to have a fiancé, a nice home, and music—that's plenty for happiness in Paris," says Jackie.

New York

By ELIZABETH DAVIES

THE average New York working girl can barely make ends meet on her 35-dollar (£11 approx.) a week salary.

This is the highest average wage scale ever attained by American women. But soaring taxes, steadily rising costs of food, and rent take an enormous bite out of her gross salary.

Federal, State, and city taxes



PARIS. A business girl waits for a bus. French girls manage to look smart, though prices are sky-high.

amount to approximately eight dollars on a 35-dollar-a-week income.

Food and rent take an additional 17 dollars, and that leaves the New York working girl with a bare 10 dollars (just on £3) for medical expenses, clothing, cosmetics, and an occasional movie.

Salaries paid to women in New York are fairly typical of those paid throughout the United States. They range from 30 dollars (£8 approx.) a week for beginning as an office clerk to as much as 75 dollars (£25) for a private secretary.

In a separate exclusive group are the real "career" women, who earn up to 25,000 dollars (over £8000) a year as designers, buyers, department store executives, advertising copywriters.

Thousands of girls flock to New York City each year, seeking fame and fortune.

A few arrive in de-luxe fashion and have wealthy families to finance them.

The majority come with a couple of suitcases, and a few dollars in their pocket-books, but all come with high hopes in their hearts.

Some of the fortunate and extremely talented find the key to the city. But New York, like Hollywood, has many disappointments.

The great corps of working girls must house, feed, clothe, and entertain themselves on their average 35-dollar-a-week salary.

Housing is the foremost problem. Rooms and flats are difficult to obtain and rent is comparatively high. The average rent is from seven to 10 dollars a week for a private room.

For this amount a girl would rarely have a private bath. She would have light laundry facilities and possibly the use of a kitchen for light breakfast.

Girls in this salary range could hardly afford to maintain a flat alone.

There is a wide span in the monthly rental of one-room flats, the average being around 50 dollars (£16 approx.) a month.

Added to this would be the cost of electricity, gas, telephone, laundry, and other incidentals.

Food is the second biggest problem for the working girl. Many exist on a 35-cent drug-store breakfast of orange juice, toast, coffee, a 40-cent drug-store lunch of sandwich and "coke," and match-as-match-can dinner in the evening.

Prices in good restaurants are exorbitant, and cheaper prices would not provide an adequate balanced diet.

Some girls live with their families, usually contributing ten dollars a week or more from their earnings.

It has been said that New York women, particularly working girls, are the best-dressed in the world.

Variety of clothing in New York is one of its main attractions for girls, and Fifth Avenue is a window-shopping paradise.

Girls can look at 100-dollar models on Fifth Avenue, and choose styles they like. Frequently they can find similar models in a cheaper shopping district for 15 dollars.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY has special correspondents in the world capitals, and from five of them came these absorbing accounts of the life of the business girls of those cities to-day. Our correspondents, who have watched history in the making, have also watched the changes that have come in the daily lives of the world's women workers.



TOKIO. Yasiko Arai, Japanese business girl, at her typewriter. It has 3000 characters, takes two years to learn to use it.

The same is true of hats, shoes, gloves, and handbags. The quality may not be as good, but the general styling is similar to the most expensive wearing apparel.

Entertainment for the New York working girl is as varied as the colors of the rainbow.

"Glamor" is an expensive gremlin if you look for it at the Stork Club or Colony, where a week's salary might be a fair tip to the head waiter.

Many girls never see the inside of a nightclub, nor have the price of admission to a Broadway production.

There are, however, many free concerts, operas, and other forms of entertainment provided by the city.

Despite the high cost of living and difficulties of existing on such a narrow margin, most girls find working in New York exciting.

The five-day week is becoming more prevalent, and almost all jobs are covered by social security, covering old-age benefits and unemployment insurance.

One bright spot for the New York working girl is the fact that she remains a "girl" as long as she is in business. Whether she is 19 or 60 she is always known as one of the girls.

Tokio

By DOROTHY DRAIN

YASIKO ARAI is one of a million girls in Tokio who earn their living.

She is 22, and works in the business office of the newspaper Asahi.

Before the war, business girls such as Yasiko were referred to scornfully as professional women. Now the term carries no stigma because during the war women were compelled to work, and now they must in order to live.

Yasiko belongs to the respectable middle-class. Like 65 per cent. of Japanese city women, she wears occidental clothes, but she is also part of 70 per cent. whose marriages are arranged for them in the traditional Japanese way.

Her father died 10 years ago, and she lives with her mother and two sisters in a four-roomed wood-and-paper house tucked away behind some dilapidated shops in the middle of a heavily bombed and burnt area.

Like most city Japanese, she finds it hard to get enough to eat because the rice ration is so unobtainable.

Most of her family's rice supply is bought on the black market, in common with that of everyone who can manage to pay about 60 yen per pound (about \$17.5).

It is impossible for her to buy new clothes, though she might manage to get second-hand ones.

I received my information about her from another Japanese girl who spoke English well.

Yasiko receives rather a high salary, 600 yen per month—\$3-odd per week.

"In most Japanese offices at present she would receive, including family allowances and bonuses, about 300 yen per month," the interpreter told me.

"All workers at Asahi formed a union recently, and got their wages doubled," she added.

"If Yasiko had been old enough to earn a living before she would have been lucky to get 50 yen per month, but probably would have been better off then than now, with inflated currency."

The interpreter took me to Yasiko's home, where her mother served us green tea round a low table on the matted floor.

Yasiko rises at six, helps her mother get breakfast of bean soup, pickled radish, and rice.

Nowadays she has only one bowl of rice or two at best, instead of three or four she could eat.

Then she puts on a check coat and skirt, says a prayer before her dead father's photograph, and runs to catch the train for the city.

In her cloth bag she carries a lunch-box of rice and fish, and her make-up.

First job is to tidy the office, and put on the kettle ready to serve green tea to the men as soon as they come in.

Tea is drunk incessantly in Japanese offices, and much time is wasted in polite exchanges and gossip.

Yasiko will type some letters on the Japanese typewriter, which has 3000 characters and at best is slower than writing. Training to use this machine takes two years.

She will also attend to incoming and outgoing mail. Between times she will gossip with her girl friends.

The girls talk about the movies, to which Yasiko is allowed to go once a week.

They talk about love, too, but always in an impersonal manner, never confiding in each other any of their personal affairs.

Most Japanese offices now have welfare sections which help to provide rations for the staff. These extra rations are usually bought on the black market.

In the office she may also take classes in flower arrangement, for these accomplishments are still considered necessary for marriage.

As a business girl, Yasiko is part of the modern superstructure on the basic feudal mentality of Japan, and her home life and preparation for marriage contrast to what on the surface appears an independent life.

She must never go out alone with a young man. Of course, many Japanese girls do, but their reputations are then in tatters.

According to custom, Yasiko has had photographs taken in her best kimono, which she keeps for special occasions, and these have been circulated by her aunt among families with some Yasiko has also seen several photographs of young men.

If one of these young men fancies Yasiko for a wife he may engage a private detective agency to find out about her, and her family may do the same.

But the first official information she will get that the young man

AUSTRALIAN girls, such as this stenographer, are probably better off than any in the world except those in New York. Their cost of living is high, clothes are dearer and not as good as before the war, but they are not short of food. Board and flats are hard to get, but the housing position, though acute, is not as bad as in bombed cities.

wishes to marry her is when a go-between, a friend of both families, arranges a formal meeting between the two families.

For Yasiko's sake it is to be hoped that the boy admires her when they meet, and that she is satisfied with her prospects, because it is rather a slur if he does not like her.

The better the family she marries into, the more servile will be her position.

There is a small group of emancipated Japanese women who demand and obtain equality in the home, but it is a very small group.

Nevertheless, she may have to continue working after marriage. Many Japanese married women work now in order to help buy food.

If that happens to Yasiko she will be worse off than a working married woman of an occidental country, for at home she will have to wait on her lord and master in the traditional subservient manner.

There are many changes in Japan, but democracy has a long way to go before husbands will help with the washing-up.

Berlin

By BARBARA ARMSTRONG

GERMAN women feel that the defeat of their country has brought more hardship to them than to men, and it is the women who are most open now in their antagonism to the Allied occupation forces.

Fraulein Anna Neuhaus, an intelligent young German business girl, told me: "German women suffer most from the food shortage. They have to meet every sort of privation, and they suffer more acutely than men."

"That is why they are making so many minor obstructions now in the way of the occupation forces."

At first German women, like the men, seemed eager to help their conquerors.

Now any soldier will tell you how German women sneer at him when he walks down the street; how they teach their children to laugh at him; how they dawdle across the roads to slow down the traffic.

Anna Neuhaus told me how the Germans got through the winter months.

"There's one thing you've got to admire about us, and that is our guts," she said.

"We have had incredible hardships living in the rubble of towns; we've endured a heatless winter, with not much food."

"We have had to work hard in order to live, and we have managed to be clean."

Anna works in Berlin in the office of the famous china firm of Meissen, and her work has not changed much. Strangely enough, it did not suffer much from the war.

The oldest and most famous china factory in Europe, it employs about half the number of skilled workers that it did before the war.

Many of Anna's friends were sacked after the occupation because they were Nazis.

She doesn't work very hard in the office, because there isn't much to do at present. But she is keeping books and files in order because she believes that by next spring Germany will start exporting again.

At present all the lovely china is sold locally or to Russian military personnel. Some of the moulds of the Meissen factory have gone to Russia, too.

Anna told me: "Work is easy compared with living. I live in what we call the 'Bunker Hotel.' It is one of a network of underground hotels which are opening in all the bombed cities of Germany."

Her hotel is built in an air-raid shelter. The entrance is down a narrow flight of stone steps and through a thick steel door.

Inside there is a spacious lounge, with chairs and tables grouped beneath palms.

BERLIN. German girls feel that the main hardships of defeat and occupation fall on them. Many of them live in underground hotels.

There is even a smart blonde receptionist to show visitors to the cell-like rooms furnished with a built-in wooden bunk, collapsible table, wooden stool, and pegs for clothes.

Supper is soup, potato salad, and a sweet—rarely meat. Breakfast is better, with fresh white rolls and butter and crusty coffee.

It took Anna three months to get into this hotel. Before that she lived, like many others, in the bombed ruins that was once her home.

She said: "German women are turning to religion. We have no Nazi doctrine to cling to, and that is one reason why we are turning to the Church."

Anna queues outside the church or stands with a crowd in the street listening to the service.

To the casual observer these German girls seem very devout. Those who know the Germans better say that Church is an excuse for getting together.

Whether that is so or not, the revival of religion has the blessing of the British authorities, and is regarded as an encouraging sign.

I asked Anna Neuhaus how they felt without their Fuhrer.

She said: "It isn't easy to understand the German mentality. But we feel that we are now alone."

"When Hitler was alive we were looked after. If our homes were bombed he gave us others. If our food supplies were bombed, special trains came laden with fresh stocks."

"We didn't mind suffering when we were being looked after. Now we have absolutely nothing, and nothing to look forward to any more."



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that good work is the essential condition of good pay. The Party will conduct a constant educational campaign against the doctrine that the interests of employer and employee are opposed, and against the idea that claims for increased wages and better conditions should be automatically contested.

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**THE ROAD BACK TO FREEDOM IS THROUGH
THE **LIBERAL PARTY**
OF AUSTRALIA**

Authorised by The Federal Secretariat of **THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA**

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

SCORPIONS, Cancerians, and Pisceans stand to benefit most during the present week of good fortune, though many Taurians and Virgoans are also favored.

All these groups should try to improve their lot, make important changes, and seek travel.

Those born under the signs Aries, Libra, and Capricorn should live quietly, however, and beware discord and unhappiness.

The daily diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware indiscretions now, especially on July 11 (to 2 p.m.), 13, 14, 15, and 16 (to 9 p.m.). Routine work strongly advised.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be cautious this week, July 9 tricky, 13 (morning) fair, 15 poor, 16 distinctly adverse.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): July 10, 11, and 12 can bring difficulties and losses this week. July 15 (evening) fair, 16 adverse.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Keep busy now and get important projects under way, especially on July 9, 10 (to noon), 11 (3 p.m. to 9 p.m.), and 16 (after 9 p.m.).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Live quietly on July 9, 10 (to midday).



"I finally got the brakes fixed, dear."

13 (3 p.m. to 8 p.m.), 14 (afternoon), and 15. Worst day, July 16.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Fortunes favor you now, but do not be impatient. July 9 good, 10 (forenoon) fair, July 11, 12 poor; 14 (to noon) helpful.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Live quietly now if you would dodge trouble. July 10 poor, 11 (to midday) tricky, 12, 13, 14, and 16 adverse.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): A week for wise planning, with an eye to avoiding setbacks. July 9 excellent, so use fully. July 10 (to noon) good, 11 (2 p.m. to 9 p.m.) fair, 18 poor, 16 adverse.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Good weeks ahead, so start planning. July 10 fair, 11 (to midday) tricky, 12 (evening) good, 14 (afternoon) poor.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Beware mistakes and errors of judgment now, for things go against you, especially on July 11 (to 2 p.m.); 12, 13, 14, 15 (after 4 p.m.), and 18.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 18): Poor days ahead this week, so go carefully. Best day July 12 (evening). July 18 may be busy (8 a.m. to 8 p.m.), but balance fair.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Seek calm now, and make the most of July 2, which is excellent. July 10 (to noon), 14, 15 (evening), and 18 (after 9 p.m.) also helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

Your Coupons

TEA: Black and red, page 8; VI-VII. SUGAR: Black, red, and green, page 7; VI, Q1, Q2, Q3. BUTTER: Black, red, and green, page 2; 45-48. MEAT: Black, 10-105 (100, 104, and 105 current July 15); red, C8-C11 (C12, C13, and 102 current July 15); green, C8, C9, C17, C8 current July 15. CLOTHING: T1-56, 207-112.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, are having a holiday after solving the mystery world-wide hunt for clues leading to Betty Gray's uncle's fortune. Each clue was a number, giving part of the combination to her uncle's safe, and Betty and her cousins Augusta and Peter took part in the hunt. But for the help of Mandrake and Lothar,

Augusta's treachery would have led to Betty's death. Uncle Roger is found in the safe when Mandrake and Betty open it, and he accuses Augusta and turns her out of the house. Betty and Peter, who are in love, get a substantial marriage present, and Mandrake is thanked for his care of Betty. Mandrake and Lothar are now in the Rockies. **READ ON:**





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MAC. ROBERTSON'S THE GREAT NAME IN CONFECTIONERY

Three Loves Had I

Continued from page 4

WITH a sharp, "Were you smiling at that sergeant? Do you know him?" Thayer brought Angel back to him.

"No, I don't know him," she said. "This nursing business no doubt makes you imagine you're a little mother to the whole Army," said Thayer impatiently. "The war's over, Angel. How about reconverting—marrying me?"

It wasn't the sort of proposal she had dreamt about when she had willed Thayer Britton to wait her for his wife.

Reconversion... Could you reconver your mind and heart?

Agnes—not Angel—said a painful and honest good-bye to a yacht and a town house and an amphibian, along with a distinguished-looking husband.

"I'm sorry, Thayer. I'm afraid not."

"You can't marry me," he repeated incredulously. "Why not?" "I don't love you."

"Well, if that isn't spoken like a schoolgirl who's been seeing too many matinees. Love? Angel, we've got so much more than the average pair who get married. Don't you think that we could make a success of it with money, freedom, common interests? And you're not denying that you like me—or did?"

She shook her head. She could remember their greedy love scenes. "You're a very attractive man, Thayer," she said quietly. "Women haven't left you alone much, have they? Perhaps they never will. But I don't love you, so I can't marry you."

He turned sulky then. "When, may I ask, did you find that out?" "I've never loved you," she answered him honestly, "but it was only to-night that I finally decided not to marry you."

"I see. But you wanted me to speak my little piece because you'd waited such a long time to hear it." "It's always a hard good-bye, Thayer," she said gently, "when a woman lets go her grasp on security. Until the actual moment, perhaps I wasn't sure I could."

"It's stupid," he said coldly. "I never thought you were a stupid girl, Angel."

"I don't see why. Most of my life has been lived on a one-way track. At least you had an objective," he reminded her dryly.

She went blank again, Ken, why did I have to come alive? Was it only to suffer and watch human suffering?

She thanked Thayer for the dinner and said she'd have to go back now. She was on duty in her ward at seven.

"It's been nice proposing to you," he said, less hurt than annoyed, as he put her in a taxi. Though she knew he'd desired her without ever quite loving her, she felt a brief pang of loss in ending a game which had gone on so long.

Agnes got out of the taxi at her mother's house. She was a few minutes late. The shabby coupe, which had given her a lift so many times back and forth to New York, was already pulled up to the kerb waiting for her.

The taciturn man at the wheel was one of the best doctors at the Army hospital where Agnes worked. He was also one of the most exasperating human beings she had ever met. The nurse lieutenants were smitten with him. As far as Agnes could see, he didn't care for any of them.

He was an iceberg where women were concerned. She smiled and said, "I'm a rat, Peter, to be late. But will you wait one more minute while I change out of these? Won't you come up?"

He looked at her calmly—red dress, leather hat, pearl dog collar, and all.

"Thanks but I'll wait. If the patients saw you in that outfit, we might have a revolt of the wolves." "That's the most complimentary thing you've ever said to me, Peter. I'll hurry."

Peter had lit a cigarette and was smoking and listening to the radio when she got back to the car.

"Was I long?"

"You're the fastest dresser on Park Avenue. I'll bet money on that."

"How about Maple City? Would you bet on me there, too?"

Peter hesitated. She saw the stub-

born withdrawn look to his profile. "Couldn't say, I haven't been there for a long time."

Both of them knew he'd be going back. After years in the Solomons, and the C.B.I. theatre, he'd end up as "Young Doctor Helm" in Maple City. His father was only hanging on until Pete could be released and take over his practice.

"Did you go out with your girl to-night?" she asked politely as they drove off.

"Which one?"

"The Army nurse with the raven hair and those 'Oh Doctor' eyes." Peter laughed shortly, and said, "Lieutenant Whitcomb ought to hear your description of her. No, as it happens, I didn't go out with anyone. How was your evening?"

"Not good," said Agnes cheerfully. "I just turned down millions and millions of dollars."

"Why?"

"For a soldier," was her unsmiling reply.

"I see." His profile looked even more withdrawn. She had watched him as he worked with wounded men for months now. Every look and gesture of his was familiar to her. But she was wholly unprepared for the bitterness in his voice as he said, "You haven't really changed your spots, Agnes. You wear a nurse's aide uniform instead of satin and silver fox, but you still want to see the men dancing to your tune, don't you?"

She said in a small grave voice, "That's not fair of you, Pete."

"They drove the rest of the way to the hospital in silence. She thanked him for the lift."

"The next time I take you to town," he said with a stubborn thrust of his chin, "it'll be my party. Remember that."

"I will, Doctor."

She went to her room in the nurses' residence and lay on her bed with the teakwood box of Ken's letters beside her. She needed them still, because they were a sort of key, a blueprint by which to construct a lifetime. "Never take the shoddy or second-rate, my darling," he had written.

She took the teakwood box with her the next time Peter asked her to go to New York.

"What's that?" he asked curiously in the car. "Something you want to deliver?"

"No, I'll tell you about it later."

He took her to a large noisy Broadway nightclub for dinner and dancing.

"I'd like one more look," he said evenly, "before a quiet lifetime in Maple City."

Her heart made a wild flight to her throat, then down, down. "It's come then?" she said. "You're released?"

"I go next week. Maybe in ten years or thereabouts, I can take a vacation and come to New York—" he smiled blankly, "and dance with a beautiful girl. Maybe."

"Your wife wouldn't let you," said Agnes, swallowing a drink of water very fast. Everything had speeded up, even the tempo of the music.

"I might not marry. After all these years, I don't know any girls in Maple City, and I won't have time to look them up and follow them round."

"The girls you know now," said Agnes in a light, shadowy breath. "They've never seen Maple City," said Peter dryly.

"Aren't the elements of a good marriage there, too?" she asked him in a low voice. "Love and open fires and children and Christmases... Stoves to cook dinner? Neighbors?"

He gave her a curious look—the doctors' diagnostic searching. "There are those things, of course, Agnes. But very little else. No theatres and nightclubs and smart dress shops. No what we call 'city people.'"

"It doesn't matter whether neighbors are city or country," she told him gravely. "Someone once said to me: Neighbors are the people you run to when you're in trouble, and who come to you when trouble is at their heels. Without that sort of compassion, there can't be a real love between two people. Does that make sense to you, Peter?"

He said, not quite daring to probe further with his eyes, "Agnes, it would be like—never leaving the

WORTH Reporting

IT was rather a surprise to us to find that our favorite fruit and vegetable shop at King's Cross had changed, almost overnight, into an emporium for elaborate underwear.

It was even more of a surprise to find that the fruit and vegetable shop's proprietor was now sending off satisfied customers with neatly boxed garments instead of string bags bulging with cauliflowers and potatoes.

We called in to ask him the reason for this sweeping change.

"You see," he said, "in Vienna I used to have a draper's shop, but when I came to Australia I thought it would be nice to sell fruit."

"But seven years of fruit and vegetables are too long, and so I decided to sell clothes again. It is so much nicer."

We agreed, but secretly we feel that the sight of a pile of oranges flanked by green and yellow peppers is more satisfying aesthetically to us than pink or blue nightgowns fringed with lace.

WHEN more wives get to hear about ex-Army field telephones, husbands who like to potter in tool-rooms and garages will lose their last excuse for being late for Sunday dinner.

Now on sale to the public at 50/-, complete with bell and all the accessories, ready to connect up and with a 12-mile radius, they're still the official close grab, but can be lacquered any color.

So far most buyers are men, who use them for agricultural work, on poultry farms, and inter-office.

But we can see a great future for them used by housewives who like to exchange over-the-fence gossip on wet days.

Mouths of babes

A FRIEND of ours was entertaining some friends at afternoon tea the other day. She was feeling rather elegant, having just had her hair done for the first time in an Edwardian half-do.

During the afternoon her small

hospital. You'd be facing pain and suffering forever. A country doctor's wife sees too much."

"It doesn't scare me," said Agnes, giving him a half-proud, half-pleading look.

"It's been your war job," he reminded her, "and you've done it well. It must have taken courage and character to step out of your own world into a military hospital and do the small, humble, necessary things that have to be done. But soon you could look forward to going back, you know."

"Yes," she said. "But I want to go to Maple City and be a country doctor's wife."

He leaned across the table, his face taut.

"But why, Agnes, why? You know how crazy in love I am with you, but you are even a little bit in love with me? Isn't there someone else, that soldier you spoke of once?"

"His name was Ken," she said, and she didn't need a blank wall on which to project his image; she could almost see him right there, back of Peter's chair.

"He taught me to love you, Peter, by making me love him first. Perhaps you won't understand, but I think you will. I knew him for two weeks, then he went away. We wrote to each other. I think he wanted to come back to me, but he couldn't. He was killed. My last letters were returned, marked 'Deceased,' about six months ago."

"That's when I met you," said Peter.

"Yes. Please always remember that we would never have met if it hadn't been for Ken. He sent me. He taught me the lesson of personal integrity. I'd never felt an honest emotion before."

"The box in the car..."

"Those are his letters," said Agnes. "I wanted you to know about them, and why I'll be taking them along with me to Maple City."

"You're very sure of your fate, my darling."

"I belong there," she said serenely, "with you."

(Copyright)

Animal Antics



"Why don't you stand up for your rights? Aintcha got no backbone?"

son, aged eight, came in from school with some of his small schoolmates. After some minutes of polite conversation on the part of grown-ups and children the son said, "Mummy, could I speak to you privately, please?"

Outside the room the child, with an unhappy look at his mother's up-swept hair, said:

"If I had known you were going to make yourself look such a sight I wouldn't have brought the boys home."

"Please go upstairs and make your hair all droopy again."

EVEN though its foundation stone was laid in 1819 by Governor Macquarie, there's nothing old-fashioned about St. James' Church, Sydney.

With the various rooms of the crypt already in use as cricket club rooms, a children's chapel, and a buffet for the use of the congregation, the Rector, Mr. S. Davidson, hopes that the next amenity to be established will be a crèche, so that parents of young children could leave them there while attending service.

Empty sleeves

THERE'S been a lot of talk in overseas magazines like "Picture Post" and "The New Yorker" about the current fashion of women wearing their topcoats over their shoulders and not putting their arms through.

One letter in "Picture Post" says if sleeves are no longer necessary then women should wear capes and use up the material for kiddies' clothes. "The New Yorker" reports that two ex-servicemen in a bus were talking about a girl.

"You'd like her," said one. "She's the only girl I've met since I got back who puts her arms in her coat sleeves."

We asked a couple of girls we know what was their opinion on the style.

One said: "I wear my coat that way because I don't think a suit is warm enough without a coat, but it's too bulky around my shoulders if I put my arms in the sleeves."

The other said: "I've always worn my coat properly (arms in) because it looked silly just draped over the shoulders."

An ex-naval lieutenant said he objected to the fashion on the ground that it was impossible to take your companion's arm if her sleeve was hanging limp and empty.

Footballers' ambition

ENGLISH Rugby League player Martin Ryan, of Wigan, gets a dreamy look in his eyes when anyone asks him what he'll do when he finishes playing professional football.

"Buy a nice little public house in one of the counties," he says, and from what a lot of the English footballers told us it seems to be the general ambition.

They dream about it for the 15-odd years which comprise the "life" of a professional player.

And most of them, if they are wise, save up their shekels.

For top-ranking players the money is high.

Contracts usually range from £1200 to £1500 a year for a period of about six years, with an extra £10 or so for each match.

The long English football season starts in September and finishes in May, with an average of about 40 matches, which nets another £400 to the professional player.

But not all professionals are under contract.

Centre three-quarters and wingers are always classed higher than forwards, and receive more pay.

In England before the war a good winger earned about £8 a match.

In the months between seasons, professionals get "a good, easy job" connected with the game.

This may be looking after the grounds at some of the well-known clubs, or acting as coach for various schools or teams.

Handsome English captain Gus Rimmer, 35, who is on his third trip to Australia, will probably retire from active football on his return to England. He will take over Worthington Town Club as manager-player on a salary of £1000 a year.

The old firm

EVERY Australian soldier who spent his leave in Jerusalem will remember the old firm of R. Marein, Ltd., where he used to spend his pay on objets d'art to send home to the family.

Well, Mr. Marein is still on the job, and one ex-serviceman has had a pretty appealing letter from the managing director, stating that he will be delighted to send goods to him or his friends.

We quote: "In settling down to peacetime activities we thought we must not forget the far-off land of Australia, and are fully convinced that great joy and interest will be shown in Australia for the art products of little but troubled Palestine."

The list of articles you can buy at Marein's old curiosity shop fill the margin of one side of the letterhead and all the reverse side.

They include candlesticks (snake-shaped), ashtrays, tobacco jars, finger-bowls made from stones from the Dead Sea, rugs, carpets, and kelimis, Koran stands, ancient bronzes, and ritual bowls and plates.

You can also get Damascus candied fruits in plain and ornamental wooden boxes.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"What happened to the six blokes who were in between?"

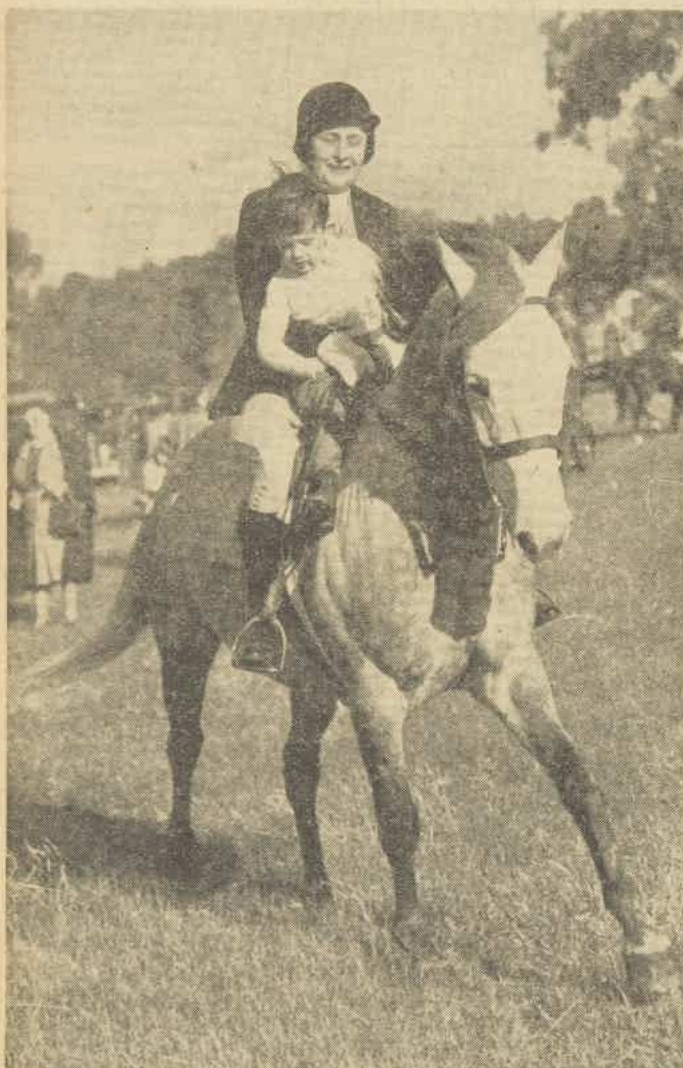


HORSE TRAIN arrives at country station, Virginia, S.A., and rugged horses are detrained for the hunt. Followers who motored to the meet and local onlookers through the platform.



AT THE JUMPS near Virginia, Tom Downer (Master of the hunt) bailed, and Mr. Downer.

AUSTRALIAN HUNTSMEN FOLLOW THE H



MRS. HARRY MINOGUE on her hunter, Greygown, rides round Oaklands kennels before meet with her son, Bobbie. He later joined road followers and watched the hunt.



First postwar season for clubs that uphold English tradition

Once again the pounding hoofs of high-spirited horses thunder over the jumps on crisp wintry mornings as Australian huntsmen and huntswomen ride to the hounds for the first time since prewar days.

Originally the exclusive pastime of the landed gentry, hunting to-day in Australia is a democratic assembly of keen horsemen and horsewomen who zealously preserve the old traditions of this most picturesque and invigorating of sports.

It will be about three years before hunt clubs again reach their former glory, because of the shortage of good hunters and the rebuilding of skeleton packs of hounds.

In Victoria, the home of hunting in Australia, with hounds on the scent as far back as 1839, there are four hunt clubs within a radius of 35 miles of the metropolitan area. They are the Melbourne, formed in 1853, Oaklands, Findon, and Yarra Glen Hounds.

First to resume after the war is Oaklands, which is also helping to rehabilitate other clubs in Victoria and South Australia with gifts of

foxhound puppies, bred at the Club kennels at Oaklands Junction, Victoria.

As with other hunt clubs when war came, the Oaklands hounds were destroyed with the exception of a skeleton pack of the best scented hounds, and a few others which were given as an experiment to deer-hunting enthusiasts and Gippsland farmers in districts where deer rank as a pest.

Throughout the war years the weeding-out process continued. Only the very best of each litter were kept.

Hounds seek out their quarry by scent, never by sight. Perfect hunting weather is a sunny day after rain or heavy dew, when the scent hangs well over the damp grass.

There is a special kind of exhilaration about a hunt and a "pied piper" quality in the music of the huntsman's horn . . . even for road followers. They turn out in record numbers.

Road followers sit back in comfortable cars, in traps, and astride bicycles, as the hunt takes the field.

They spend the next two or three hours driving up and down country roads, taking up positions near anticipated jumps, and are as alert for the sound of the huntsman's horn as the hounds themselves.

The horn is sounded by the Master of the Club, who leads the field, or the Huntsman, immediately after the first rider to see the fox calls "Tallyho."

The chase is on . . . Hounds, rarely lifting their noses from the ground, can cover up to eight and

COMING IN FOR LUNCH
At the Oaklands Junction.

ten miles of country at a speed of 15 to 20 miles an hour. As it strengthens, the excitement rises to crescendo and a thrill ripples down the line even the most seasoned, hardy huntsman.

Finally the kill. The Master quickly rides in and takes the fox and the Master presents it to the first lady member upon the scene.

Quite often the fox is snared by the huntsmen and other hounds lose the scent.

Rarely a meet passes without at least some empty saddles.

Even the best horseman is much to retain his seat when he bails at a panel. Happily there are few tragic accidents.

Finally, happy and well-tired men and horses are welcomed to the kennels by road followers, have at last anticipated the "jump," and the hunt is over after afternoon tea.

There is a wonderful camaraderie among hunters, something which almost attracts veneration from the young members for the older ones.

Following a savior

BEING a huntsman is not a job you just can't beat. The sport is handed down in family from generation to generation.

The present Master of the hunt, and member for forty years, W. G. Macgillivray, is now 80, from ill health and unable to take the field himself, but he takes pleasure in knowing his field back again in the hunt after service with the A.I.F.

Rock of Gibraltar behind the lands postwar hunting club, Deputy-Master, Mr. A. J. Hall. He has been a member for 36 years, and is determined to will be revived along with English lines.

At Oaklands, as a rule, a huntman has to prove himself with three years of service before he is accepted as a full member.



HOUNDS ON THE FIRST SCENT of the day—a traditional English scene with an Australian background. Followers await tally-ho signal from Master before following.



...of the Hunt), L. Waters (veteran huntsman), Frank Siebert (whose horse ... Mrs. George Landon (extreme right).

HOUNDS AGAIN...



NGF huntsmen in their "pinks," huntswomen in riding kit make colorful sight. Adelaide Club had buffet lunch in a woodshed for this meet.

Associate and lady members and social members (road followers) pay an annual fee of £2/2/-, and a full member's fee is £3/3/-.

Added to this is the upkeep of a member's hunters. Although many make do with one, most huntswomen prefer to have at least two.

They can be stabled at the club kennels and exercised by club grooms for a fee of £2 a week.

Members who stable their own horses have the expense of taking them to the meets in horse floats, which usually cost up to £3 for the day's hire.

As the hunting season lasts for only about three months during the winter, June, July, and August, the expense of hunting is not quite as much as it first appears.

And, of course, a member breaking in a new hunter never knows whether he is riding a future Grand National winner!

Some of the nation's finest jumpers and steeplechasers have graduated from the hunting field.

Hunt Clubs are now pressing for the restoration of Hunt Club race meetings.

In hunting it's not the kill, but the chase and the etiquette of the sport which has everyone on their toes.

Huntswomen and women must always follow the Master. It is unpardonable to beat him to a jump or lead the field.

But it is even more fatal to call the "hunting pink" coats of the huntswomen pillar-box red (which they are) or refer to the hounds as dogs.

To keep individualistic tendencies in check, hunting folk tacitly impress newcomers with the old story of the dashing Australian horseman who carelessly tossed away his opportunity of being admitted to one of the most famous hunt clubs in England.

After winning many friends early in the meet with his hard riding he afterwards found himself shunned.

Completely at a loss, he later sought out the Master to discover what was wrong.

"Well, my dear fellow. When

you sighted the fox you naturally should have called 'View Hullooas.' NOT 'There goes the — little —'."

Hunting is 50 years old in Western Australia. First in the field was Mr. Cairns Candy, who brought his own pack out from England somewhere in the 'nineties.

A gentleman of means, he kept his own beagles and invited friends to hunt brush, a small, fast kangaroo. Their rendezvous was Fremantle, on the site of the present Royal Fremantle golf course.

For a time it was an exclusive affair until outsiders became interested and Fremantle Hunt Club was formed. It grew until, in 1913, the club bought land at Belmont, near Maylands.

The club then became the West Australian Hunt Club, and father of the present Huntsman, W. C. Attwell, was chosen as Master of the Hounds.

In 1920 the title was reduced to "Master" in conformity with English ideas, which demanded that the Master of the Hounds owned and hunted his own pack.

With this change the former title of Field-Marshal was also changed to Huntsman, whose work is breeding and training beagles.

The West Australian Hunt Club continued to hunt brush until 1936, when the first fox was seen near Perth.

Melbourne had introduced the fox to Australia for hunting purposes in the 'seventies. They increased and multiplied until in search of food they followed the rabbit all the way round the Blight to the west.

The rabbit made its first appearance in Western Australia in 1889, and then years later the first fox was seen at Port Esperance.

But it was not until 1926 that Mr. Charles Murray caught the first one near Mount Magnet. This statement may be open to controversy, but it is to Mr. Murray that the Agricultural Department gives the credit.

In 1927 the W.A. Agricultural Department offered £2 a head for every fox caught. Now they are such a plague that the Department offers



MASTER OF THE HUNT in Adelaide. Mr. Tom Downer, mounted on Eastern Sea, blows his horn before calling, "We're away, we're away."

4/- per head. In 1945 the total was 49,493 heads.

First Perth meet since the war was held at Belmont recently. There were more than 90 mounted, among them the Master, Mr. D. A. Freeman, who has been associated with the Hunt for many years.

Hunting is in full swing again in South Australia. Since the season opened at Morphettville there have been meets at Virginia, lovely farming and grazing district about 20 miles north of Adelaide, and at Murray Bridge.

Other meets at Woodside, O'Halloran Hill, Mt. Barker, Modbury, and Salisbury will provide almost a weekly hunt through the winter months.

Event of the hunting season is the Hunt Club Ball, when men and women wear "pinks" and dance the old-time lancers.

Close of the season, in September, sees the Hunt Club Races, in which one event is run for huntswomen with their hunters. It is a steeplechase, and men wear their "pinks."

Of the 350 members of the Hunt Club, about 50 are riders, the veteran among them being Mr. Frank Siebert, who has ridden well at the meets this season.



PERFECT HORSEMANSHIP displayed by stalling huntswoman, famous show-ring rider Mrs. P. J. Kearns on Tally Ho, and Jean Pape on Ditton over 4ft 3in. rail fence following Oaklands hounds.



BUDDING HUNTSMAN, four-year-old Peter Mitchell, on his Shetland pony, Don, follows by road when his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lola Mitchell, are in the field with the Oaklands hounds in Victoria.

OVER to the

right lay the trading post of Mexican Water. Far to the eastward, through wilderness, practically unexplored by white men, was Diné Mesa, and behind that the mighty peaks of the Carrizo Mountains. Somewhere to the north of that tremendous eminence lay the area for which they were searching.

"We go," Mike Bronson said, with that curious intonation which always marked his manner when speaking of matters archaeological "into the heart of the country where ancient civilisation reached the classic period—the culture of Pueblo Three."

"I should think," Kelsey said, "that at the moment you'd have something more important on your mind than archaeology."

He peered at her with the effect of nearsightedness, though nothing was wrong with his vision.

"To different persons," he said blandly, "different things are important. To your father, it is molybdenite. To you, it is the excitement of a new experience. To me, it is torreonos. To Mr. Povah, it is a possible new wife."

"And to the Limes?" she asked.

He frowned. "Shaving and afternoon tea," he said shortly.

"You could be wrong about that," she said.

"Look," he said abruptly. "I like him. When a stranger sticks his nose into a fight the way he did in Gallup, you like him. Nobody in the world but Skillman has an interest in the failure of this expedition. Mr. Cavendish saved it. Your suspicions are nonsense."

"Couldn't it be," she asked, "that he has some personal and private fish to fry? I tell you I saw what I saw."

"I am the leader of this expedition. Its safety is my responsibility," he said coldly. "I've asked ques-

tions. As far as I can learn, Cavendish did not leave the hotel that night in Gallup. All right, you saw him waving his arms on a rock I asked him about it." Mike grinned.

"He said he was doing deep-breathing exercises, with a spot of sun worship. Any answering signals, Miss Bobbs," she asked, "a too vivid imagination."

"And the gnomes?" she asked. "No one saw them but yourself," he answered.

She shrugged. "Thank heaven," she said. "I've never had an attack of superiority complex."

"You don't see things as they are," he said.

"And why not?" she demanded.

"Because," he answered, "you look at the world through tinted lenses. If you would discard those glasses you'd see facts. And other people would be able to see you as a fact, and not as something disguised and unreal."

"My glasses," she said sharply, "are my own private affair."

"Of course."

"I'll take them off for only one man."

"So? What man?"

"The man I love. The man to whom I am willing to give myself wholly."

He considered that with a scientific mind craving for fact.

"Will it also," he said, "be essential for this man to love you?"

"Naturally," she said sharply.

"It will," he said, "be a good trick, if you can do it."

"What do you mean?"

"Why," he said, "I've read a number of poems and romantic books dealing with love. In them, eyes play an important part. I never have read or heard of a man falling in love with a girl without seeing

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 5

ner eyes. I doubt if it can be done. I'm sure I couldn't manage it."

"That," she told him shortly, "is one thing to be thankful for."

"Why are you grateful for the fact that I cannot fall in love with you? To fall in love with a woman is a compliment. Perhaps you are amusing yourself by being disagreeable."

"I am disagreeable," she said, "but I do not find it amusing."

"I suppose," he said mustily, "I shall marry some day. Most men do. But I cannot imagine it. I cannot imagine myself conducting a courtship. I find myself clumsy and inept in the presence of young women. You may have noticed it."

He lifted his eyes inquiringly.

"It isn't something a girl would be apt to overlook," she said.

MIKE'S face

puckered, and he gnawed thoughtfully at his lip. "Is there such a thing as love?" he went on at length. "Or is it an imaginary emotion devised by people who write poems and stories? Personally, I have never experienced it, and cannot imagine myself doing so." He was suddenly wistful. "It sounds very pleasant. If it really exists, I should not care to miss it."

"I imagine," Kelsey said, "that there are different degrees of love as there are different degrees of temperature. Some hot, some cold, some exciting, some dull."

"I hope that if I ever experience it, it will not be tepid," he said un- easily.

"Somehow," Kelsey said, "I can see you bursting into flames."

"Nor I," he said, "and it worries me."

Kelsey, with set face, was gazing with eyes that did not see the scenery, across the hills.

"I can imagine myself bursting into flames," she said, "and that worries me."

"Discussion of the subject," Mike said, "gets you nowhere. There seems to be no sound data from which one can draw conclusions."

"Then," she said shortly, "suppose we go back to archaeology."

He sat erect, peering through the screen of rocks. "Look!" he said sharply.

Below them and half a mile away a little cavalcade of riders and led pack horses debouched from the canyon. Kelsey could identify Pete Skillman riding ahead, slouched comfortably in his saddle. Behind him rode Thompson, and then Big-Nose Kelly, with the rest scattering for a hundred yards. Thompson pointed to a level spot, floored with grass and providing browse for the horses. Skillman raised his arm. The party turned off the road.

"Well," Kelsey said, "there they are. There's your prospector. Now let's see you do your slick trick."

"I wish," he said, "I knew if Kelly was with them willingly or unwillingly. It would make a difference."

They made their way back to the ravine in which the party had established itself. The moment for decisive action had arrived, but the problem of what to do and how to do it was not one easy to solve. The men discussed it soberly, putting forward this plan and that device.

The Limes lounged against a rock, his monocle glitteringardonically. "Face the foul facts, what? Rise to the crying emergency. You want this prospector Johnny. You crave him. Can't lure him out where you can pocket him by singing songs, eh? What then? What does logic proclaim?"

"I'll bite," said Kelsey. "What does it proclaim?"

"A touch of liquidation, if you catch my meaning. Comes the hour of slumber, and we lurk in the shrubbery. Mr. Bronson gives the jolly old signal. Tweet-tweet. Fire when ready. The enemy ceases to be what and the prospector liddle is ours. What?"

Mike Bronson squinted at the Limes in the decreasing light.

"By any chance," he asked, "are you proposing this seriously?"

"Quite. Oh, quite. Two birds, one volley. Get your man, and nobody remains to follow us. Remove future threat. Success ensured."

"Having," said Mike, "murdered half a dozen men in cold blood. It was my understanding that you British are sportsmen. But, of course, you're joking."

"Never less, chappie. Never less. There's a time to be sporting and a time to be ruthless. Never be sporting when the stakes are high."

Kelsey's eyes were narrowed as she studied Cavendish. The man seemed fatuous. His proposition even sounded absurd, but he meant it.

"Mr. Cavendish," she said with a touch of formality, "your soul must be coated with calluses."

He smiled at her genially. "Souls," he said, "are for people who can afford 'em. End justifies the means."

Mike removed his stare from the Limes and turned to Mr. Povah. "Have you," he asked, "any suggestion short of massacre?"

"Me," said the old man, "I set a heap of store by human carelessness. I made a heap more pesos acashin' in on 'other feller's negligence 'n what I ever earned by bein' hard-workin' 'n smart."

"Which," asked Kelsey, "leads up to what?"

"Wa-al, I calculate I'd injun down before the moon comes up, 'n' snoop out jest how careless they be. Maybe they make a misplay, see? Then we cash in swift 'n' skeddaddle with the jackpot."

"There'll be a moon," said Mike.

"Dang high bright as day round eleven," said Mr. Povah.

"At ten," Mike said, "all horses will be saddled, and we'll be ready to pull out. In case we have luck. Mr. Povah and I will go down to see what turns up. The rest will be ready to move out promptly when we return. Now eat and get a little rest. We may have to be moving all night."

After the meal, the men settled down to snatch what rest they could in case of having to turn out again.

SOON the camp-fire sank low. Skillman and his party went early to their bedrolls, and there was no sentinel. Obviously, no precautions were considered necessary. Mike Bronson had ordered the horses to be saddled and the pack animals loaded in readiness for immediate departure in case of success.

If the plan succeeded, there could not be immediate pursuit by Skillman and even a half-hour's start in that country and in the night-time would make the expedition hard to find or to follow.

It was ten o'clock when Mike and Mr. Povah commenced their scrambling circuit to reach the rear of the camp below. Kelsey insisted upon taking a post upon the eminence above the road to watch as best she could what went on below.

Mike and the old man disappeared among the rocks, and she waited, straining her eyes and ears.

There were stars, a few of them, but no moon. Clouds moved across the sky, making for helpful darkness. She could not see them as they entered the little valley from the west and crept up to the tired horses, nor could she see as they darted, shadow-like, from horse to horse, cutting the picket ropes.

But then, suddenly, she was aware of confusion, of the faint, distant thunder of hoofs, of startled shouts and of lunging figures obscuring the fire.

There are few sounds more startling or bewildering than the thundering hoofs of stampeding horses bearing down on one as he lies asleep. Mike and Povah drove the animals straight at the campfire, lashing their flanks with lengths of rope.

Men rolled from their blankets into the midst of a nightmare of threatening, pounding hoofs startled, half-asleep, scattering blindly to avoid the onrush. Their first sleepy thought was safety. Their second thought, when some measure of awareness returned, was for the



"I'm a friend. Can I bring your husband home for dinner?"

horses—to recapture the horses which were tearing toward the road and scattering.

Skillman shouted orders, but could bring no order. No man, in the first minutes, had any thought except that his horse was escaping and he would be left alone, and they ran blindly, stiffly after their disappearing mounts.

It was no concern of Big-Nose Kelly's. He was only a passenger. Let someone else pursue those horses, for he was not a man given to unnecessary exertion. He started up, thinking only of safety as the horses thundered past, rolled free of his blankets, then stood shivering philosophically while others mastered the emergency. A hand seized his elbow.

"Shut up and come along," whispered Mike Bronson.

Big Nose was startled. He gawped as Povah wagged significantly before his nose the big knife with which he had cut picket ropes.

"Moscy," Povah said, "I hain't carved me up nobody in quite a spell. Git gone—and quiet."

Please turn to page 30



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HURRIEDLY

Mike and Povah dragged the prospector behind sheltering rocks, forced him between them as they made, once again, the wide circuit back toward their own camp. There was no pursuit, for Skillman's men were not yet aware that there was anything to pursue except stampeded horses. Close to midnight, the three arrived at the point where their animals waited, saddled and laden.

Mike wasted few words. "Got him," he said. "On our way."

Kelly was mounted on a spare horse, and then, with Povah, who seemed to have eyes like a cat, they moved at a walk away from the spot toward the east and were swallowed up in the ravines of the trackless country.

Kelsey urged her horse to Povah's side.

"It worked," she said. "Tip-top," answered Povah. "When the horses run down on to 'em, they vanquished. Yeah. They'll be chasing ponies till dawn 'n' after. Um... I calculate they won't have no idee what's happened till some hombre kitches a hoss dangle 'n' a cut rope."

"But they'll miss Kelly?"

"They hain't exactly got their minds fixed on to Kelly," Povah said dryly. "Come the time they miss him, more'n likely they'll blame it on to him."

Mike rode vigilantly at Kelly's right hand. The prospector was sulky, not because his person had changed hands, but because he had been aroused from a comfortable sleep to uncomfortable action. They picked a precarious way down to the creek bed, crossed it like a procession of shadows, and tollsomenly climbed again.

Progress was slow, the horses picking their footing, but, slow as it was, it was exciting to Kelsey, exciting and somehow glamorous. The ride had for her all the accoutrements of adventure—flight into the night, danger behind, an eerie country on every side.

She kept no track of time, but it must have been hours before Mike and Mr. Povah considered that they had reached a point where it would be safe to alight and camp.

"Can father have a rest to-morrow?" she asked Mike.

"How about yourself?" he wanted to know.

"I'm not asking for myself," she answered shortly.

"We will not start before noon," he conceded.

In five minutes the hurried encampment was silent, save for the snoring of weary men.

It was not the cook hammering a pun with a heavy spoon that awakened Kelsey, but the sun in her eyes. She glanced at her wrist-watch. It was ten o'clock. A fire was blazing and the pleasant aroma of coffee was in the air. Her father still slept.

She scrambled from beneath her blankets, aroused with sleep, but stiff and aching, and made the sketchiest of toilets, and then joined Mike and Mr. Povah, who sat beside the fire questioning Kelly.

"I hain't never gone in from this side," Kelly was saying. "Allus went north from Gallup."

"You weren't with Skillman all this time," Mike said, "without answering questions. How much did you tell him?"

"I told him I could take him to this here place," Kelly said, "but I couldn't tell how to git there. I kind of roamed."

"Didn't he ask you to draw a map?"

"He kep' pesterin' me fur maps, but I hain't no hand at drawin'."

Mike knew how it was. These old desert rats roamed the country, finding their way by some instinct, and years of lonely life made them secretive.

"This here Thompson, he was mighty sullen about you," the prospector volunteered. "He hain't goin' to be content till he claws you up."

Land of the Torreones

Continued from page 28

He hain't no baby's plaything, neither."

Mike disregarded that. "Skillman will not give up," he said gravely. "But now the advantage is ours." He spread a large-scale map on the ground. "There's a kind of track from Mexican Water to Carrizo Mission Springs. I'd guess he would follow that as the easiest going."

"When he ketches his horses," said Mr. Povah, with a grin.

"There seems to be another trail the joins that road five or six miles beyond Dinse Mesa," Mike continued. "We will keep away from roads. We way swing north of the mesa, cross the road, and go diagonally toward the Four Corners. Then, Kelly, you'll know where you're at."

It was just then that Kelsey noted the peculiar intentness with which the Limsey seemed to be listening, and studying the map.

"Why," asked Kelsey, "are you interested in the route?"

"Inquirin' mind," said the Limsey. "A fact a day amasses a jolly education in twenty years."

"You've been amassing the wrong kind of facts the last twenty years," said Jack Maxwell sourly.

The Limsey's arrogant monocle focused on the young engineer. "Oh, I say," he said, "objectionable, what?"

"That will be plenty," Mike said coldly. "I'll have no bickering. If you two men are peevish toward each other, save it until we're out of the woods. Understand?"

"Right," said the Limsey slyly. "But in the treasure house of the memory! Hoardin' each slightin' word and nasty glance. Forget nothin'. Till a fittin' occasion."

"This occasion is fitting enough for me," Maxwell said sullenly.

Mike got to his knees and then to his feet. "You heard me," he said grimly. "You two can hate each other's inwards as bitterly as you like, but I'll not have this expedition endangered by your quarrelling. Behave yourself, Jack."

"And if I don't?" Maxwell demanded, his temper flaring almost beyond control.

PATIENT

though Mike was, Kelsey could see his lips were grim. He made no answer for a moment, and when he did speak his words came slowly and quietly.

"Be reasonable, Jack... And you, Cavendish, you will do your part to keep the peace." He smiled at each of them, and Kelsey was astonished to note how disarming his smile could be. "We must have discipline, you know. For the good of all. Please don't compel me to enforce it."

He paused a moment, and the pause was impressive. "Which," he added, "I can and will do."

The Limsey grinned amiably. "I fancy," he said, "you would do just that. As for me, I declare an armistice. Incident closed."

"Thank you, Cavendish," said Mike.

There the matter ended. For two more hours the party rested. Mr. Bobbs awakened and was fed. His face was younger by years than it had been last night. There was sturdy fibre in him, and determination. Kelsey was rather proud of her father.

They rode leisurely that afternoon. The elevation was close to six thousand feet and the air was cool.

Next day they crossed the almost invisible road that meandered to Carrizo Mission Springs. Mr. Povah alighted and, with the keen, experienced eyes of a tracker, studied the ground.

"Hain't nobody passed," he said. "Calculate we're well ahead of 'em, if they're scomin'."

"They'll be coming," Mike said confidently.

The days that followed were a period of sheer delight to Kelsey. High mesas covered by forests alternated with great canyon gashes whose walls were red and blue and yellow and lavender and purple. Colors flamed; fantastic rock shapes, worn by hundreds of thousands of years of wind and water, made it a heaven long deserted by mysterious gods.

Kelsey found serenity, a purification, and she was happy. The only flaw in her contentment was the belligerent rivalry of Jack Maxwell and the Limsey—the one stubborn and direct, the other devious and adroit. One of them was always at her side, not to be discouraged by silence or held at arm's length by aloofness or even by direct command.

Even in this solitude, she realised bitterly, she was not free from the pursuit that had forced her to veil her eyes with colored glasses.

Maxwell was pitiful in his efforts to ingratiate himself; the Limsey was never pitiful, never discouraged, never ill-natured, even when she rebuffed him. But always she could feel the pressure of his personality. In a way, she was sympathetic toward Maxwell. She was afraid of Cavendish.

She watched him covertly. But no suspicious conduct rewarded her watching.

Whatever suspicions she had aroused in her father's mind or in Mike Bronson's had been allayed by the man's conduct on the night of Kelly's kidnapping. It was obvious to them that he was no ally of Skillman's, and equally obvious that there could be no one else with whom he could have stealthy communication.

But, nevertheless, Kelsey loved his goings and comings with vigilant eye, for she was convinced.

They came to and crossed the San Juan River, but presently even Big Nose Kelly was uncertain of their whereabouts, searching vainly for landmarks to guide him. They had reached the section where he had made his find, where lay the possible riches of a great molybdenite deposit, and where those mysterious torreones reared their squareness on the tops of rocky pinnacles.

But he could not locate the spot, could not, in the multitude of narrow canyons, decide upon the precise gash in the rocks through which they must proceed. Somewhere within a hundred square miles was their objective, but it hid itself from them until Kelsey became certain in her mind that they never would find it.

On the fifth day of vain search they rode through a break in the red rock walls so narrow that not more than two horses could ride abreast—a gateway whose sides rose sheerly for hundreds of feet—into a garden of fairy beauty, ridged and carved, multicolored as a rainbow. And there upon a smooth sandstone wall was the first indication that human beings ever had trod this corner of the earth.

The sun shone brightly upon the rock panel or they might not have seen what was there. It was an engraving, primitive, crude, but its subject matter was not to be mistaken. It depicted a cavalcade of warriors on horseback.

Then Mike Bronson shouted, a bellow of exultation, and pointed beyond and above the mile-long enclosure.

They halted and looked where his excited finger pointed. There, stark against the sky, was a tower, not fashioned by the winds of nature, but by the hands of man. Square and grey it lifted its bulk as though it were part of some known medieval city. It was fashioned of hewn rocks, broken at the top and jagged.

"A torroup!" Mike said almost reverently. "It's true! They exist! We're there! We've found it!"

To be continued

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

FOR THE CHILDREN

by TIM



What's on your mind?

Train our youngsters for better jobs

THE time has come for women to take a stand against blind-alley jobs, and to insist that boys and girls leaving school have a chance to train for some sort of a career.

During the depression they were pushed into work as soon as they left school by over-anxious parents. During the war they served in the forces when ordinarily they would be learning a trade.

The Rehabilitation Scheme is dealing with Service men and women, but who is looking after our own youngsters of school-leaving age?

With the shortage of labor, many of them are taking on well-paid jobs which once again will lead them nowhere.

Women should demand that it be made illegal to employ a youngster under 18 unless his employer undertakes to train him for a better job and gives him the opportunity to attend a technical school or college.

11 to H. F. Pickering, Enns Park, Qld.

Luxury trams

NOW that Sydney is ordering new trams to give the public some relief from its 30-year-old "jumping jacks," the tramway authorities should follow Adelaide's example.

On the Glenelg route only corridor trams are used, which seat 64. Off-side doorways are barricaded to prevent wrongful alighting, and passengers cannot jump off until the conductor opens the doors. Seats

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 12. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others. The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

are plush-lined, and the fare is 6d for seven miles.

What a luxury these would be for Sydney.

5/- to Cliff Howe, 21 Prince St., Alberton, S.A.

Neon names

SUBURBAN railway stations should have names in neon lights to assist strangers in locating a particular station.

The sign should be placed so that it could easily be seen as the train approaches. At present the names



of stations are usually placed in some poorly lit part of the station. If it weren't for the generosity of fellow passengers, many people travelling in unfamiliar territory would be carried on past their stopping place.

5/- to Mrs. A. F. Oxford, 1 Rowman St., Singleton, N.S.W.

New York Round-Up

Latest views on how to keep a husband

Radioed by L. J. MILLER, of our New York staff

"Can men live happily without women? Yes." That's the heading to an article in the Chicago Tribune Supplement which sets out to answer the question: "Why is it that husbands are becoming harder to find and, once found, harder to hold?"

MARGARET DEVEREUX, writer and lecturer on women's problems, gives the answers in terms of human nature rather than statistics.

She asserts men can live and live magnificently without benefit of women. She also sets out to prove her point almost frighteningly—in a book, "Your Life as a Woman."

Devereux says in exclusive men's clubs, in bachelor apartments, in the Army, the Navy, and on hunting and fishing vacations men have proved their prowess in provinces women once considered their own.

Men without women are tremendously happy, superlatively comfortable, she declares.

They are good housekeepers, good hosts, and good entertainers.

Why is man always so ecstatic at getting away from the comforts of home on lodge night or on a hunting trip where he has to rough it?

The answer: His own little personal preferences and habits are important and significant.

Devereux goes on to say too often man is treated as an interloper or nuisance in his own home, particularly when it comes to making way for his possessions.

Women disturb his papers in the interest of order and treat his hobbies and trophies as childish or absurd.

They aren't.

The fact he has twenty pipes and never since you've known him has smoked more than four of them doesn't mean that he isn't convinced that he may use all twenty some day, and that he must have them within instant reach.

Devereux then makes these points:

- Let him kick over the traces sometimes at home, or he will do it elsewhere.
- Take pride in his small possessions.
- Surround him with people who like the same things as he likes.
- Don't force him on the Jones family.
- Give him outlets for release at home through little things that make for perfection, instead of merely those that are good enough for women's own daily lives.

A STRANGELY clad man was seen being escorted to the police station in New York this week.

He was Lawrence Zohman, 38, who, when his wife called the police after he had beaten her at 4 o'clock in the morning, dumped all his clothes into a bathtub full of water.

He defied the police to take him away naked, but they found a faded blue bathrobe and an old pair of slippers, and took him away in those.

SMALL items just introduced are:

Electric iron slipper designed to protect the surface of an iron when not in use . . . pancake turners with trigger action . . . turn paddle and flip pancake when handle is squeezed . . . aluminum foil liners made to fit into a skillet.

After use they can be thrown away. They ease the onerous job of washing greasy skillets.

IN Long Island a sportsman kept his cook by giving her tips on horses.

She quit when she found an employer whose tips paid better odds.

Seasonable

WHY are modern homes in this country built with so few provisions for warming? The designer of the new Australian house appears to have overlooked the fact that in the southern areas there is such a thing as winter. Let's have more fireplaces.

5/- to Mrs. E. J. Waye, 93 High St., St. Kilda, S.E. Vic.

Guest houses for the aged

IN this enlightened age there are any number of well-run guest houses for children and up-to-date hostels for domestic pets, but how difficult it is to find a good guest house run exclusively for elderly people.

When the family goes away holidaying, it is not always convenient to send the grandparents to stay at hotels or guest houses which do not cater for these old people.

If those interested in the aged could show the same enthusiasm as child and animal lovers on the question of guest houses, what a boon it would be.

5/- to Miss R. Cass, 57 Malin St., Kew, E4, Melbourne.

British food parcels

SEVERAL Australians have expressed doubts in their letters as to the safe arrival of food parcels in Britain.

I would like to say that, from my experience, I have not known of one being lost throughout the whole war. Sometimes they have taken a long time to arrive, and some have been very dilapidated, but they have always reached us and been a wonderful help.

5/- to Mrs. C. Bridges, 169 South St., St. Andrews, Scotland.

Encores for artists

WHY do so many concert artists invariably select a different piece as their encore? The encore is requested because the first number was enjoyed, and most people would prefer to hear that number repeated. Many songs and musical items are often more enjoyable on a second hearing, when their full meaning has been grasped.

5/- to Mrs. A. Trewartha, Kayunga Rd., Gladstone, N.S.W.

Neglected cemeteries

NOW that manpower is more plentiful, could not something be done about the neglected appearance of many cemeteries?

During a recent visit to one of the larger cemeteries I was touched by the sight of weed-covered mounds and crumbling headstones. In a place that should have been sacred to the dead I saw a rat scurrying away among forgotten tombs.

Surely a caretaker could be put in charge of cemeteries to keep the graves neat and well looked after.

5/- to Mrs. R. Smith, 103 Cornelia Rd., Toongabie, N.S.W.

Street numbers

COULD we not have uniform number plates, fixed to the gate, for all houses in Sydney streets?

It is most inconvenient when searching for a certain house by car to find some with numbers fixed to the house itself, some on the gate, and some with no plate.

5/- to R. Morrison, 151 Moray St., New Farm, Brisbane.

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript, or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 5000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate. Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4108 W., G.P.O., Sydney.

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The Lux look is that New look

"Town 'n Country" Jacket—on exclusive Lux model



KNITTEDS STAY NEW-LOOKING FAR LONGER WITH GENTLE LUX CARE

See how lovely this smart woollie looks, thanks to gentle Lux care . . . not a sign of matting or shrinking!

It's bright and new-looking. Don't risk ruining woollies by careless washing with strong soaps or harsh methods like bar-soap rubbing.

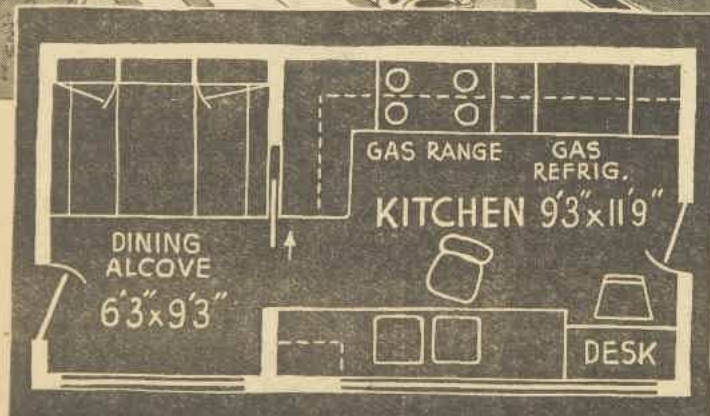
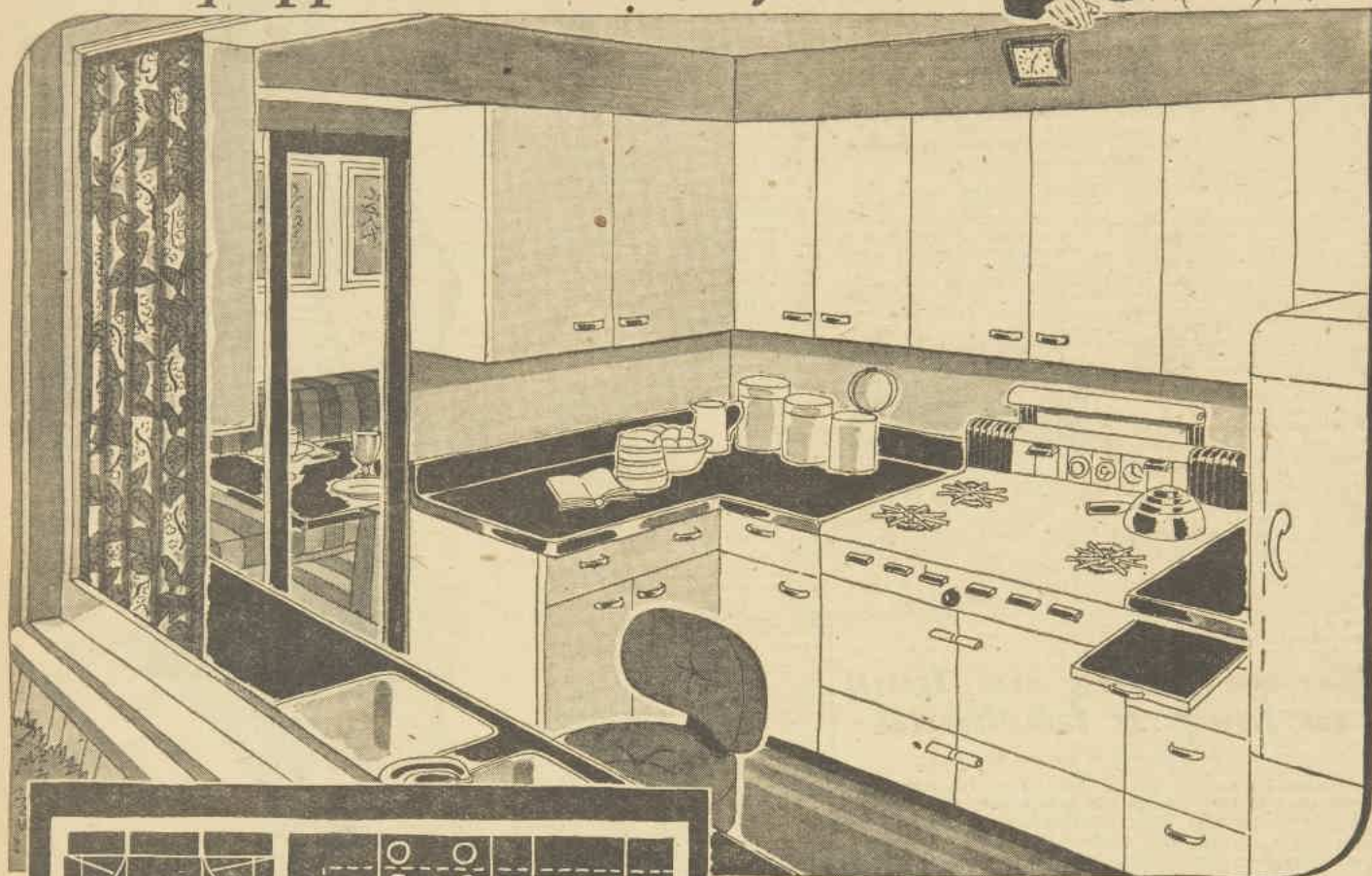
LUX care keeps woollies fresh and shapely year after year.



Free KNITTING INSTRUCTIONS

Would you like to knit this attractive "TOWN 'N COUNTRY" jacket yourself? Free instructions will gladly be sent in post size 32-36. Simply cut out this panel (around dotted lines) and pin it to a stamped addressed envelope. Post application to Knitting Offer, Lever Brothers Pty. Ltd., Box 4100 G.P.O., Sydney. W.W.

**"The most important
room in the House"**
Equipped with... GAS of course!



This is the plan of the kitchen and dinette illustrated above. Only 9 ft. 3 in. x 11 ft. 9 in., the compact layout of the kitchen ensures roominess and labour-saving convenience for a minimum expenditure.

After six years devoted to the War Effort, the services of the GAS Industry are now free to assist you towards Brighter and Better Living.

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Easy to keep clean and tidy—pleasant to work in—modern, economical, and labour-saving—the all-GAS Kitchen is the fashionable way to Brighter and Easier living! Speedy and practical, GAS brings all the convenience of Automatic Finger Tip control—renders you a round-the-clock service that ensures added leisure, more time for pleasure. Whether you are building a new home or modernizing your present dwelling, insist on GAS for the Four Big Domestic Jobs! Select approved appliances from your GAS Company Showrooms.

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F

"That's enough," he said. He took his stance, eyed the ball commandingly, and struck it with his club. The ball flew on to the green, rolled across the velvetlike surface and trickled into the cup.

Mr. Edgcomb leaned suddenly against a tree as though he had to hold on to something to remain upright, and Mr. Lewis was open-mouthed, but father was unconcerned.

"Bother these stockings," he said, reaching down and scratching furiously. He straightened up. "That gives me a three," he said. "I understand it is known as a birdie. For the sake of fairness, I should probably revise my estimate of what I shall score. I would guess at about seventy."

"Pardon me, Tanner," Mr. Edgcomb said, "but how long have you played golf?"

"First time to-day," father said, and it was plain that Mr. Edgcomb didn't believe him, and thought he was putting on an act.

We went on to the next tee after the others had holed out, Mr. Whipple apologising for having taken twelve strokes to get down.

The second hole was a short one with a pond between the tee and the green. Father had the honor, and while Mr. Whipple was already cowering in terror at sight of the water, it had no effect upon father.

He asked the caddy the distance to the pin, consulted the book to determine the proper club to use, swung at the ball, and it landed just beyond the water and rolled to the edge of the green.

"First time, eh?" Mr. Edgcomb said, and laughed rather nastily.

Mr. Whipple stepped up, shaking visibly, and hit three successive balls into the water before getting one across. He giggled nervously after each shot, while father shook his head disapprovingly.

"Hold your head still," father said. He took hold of Mr. Whipple's chin and showed him. Mr. Whipple giggled and apologised again.

Father had become more contemptuous of the game with each successful shot. At the next tee he took a terrific swing at the ball. It went out over the fairway like a bullet, and then, while father was watching it complacently, the ball made a sharp right turn and disappeared into the woods.

"Slice," said Mr. Edgcomb, brightening up a bit.

Father frowned. "Give me that book," he said.

We started off down the course, father shuffling the pages, muttering about too much right hand. It took us ten minutes to find the ball. Father chipped out to the fairway finally, and his approach shot landed to a deep trap to the left of the green.

Planting his feet in the sand, father had me read to him the directions for blasting out of a trap. He struck savagely at the ball, and it rolled half-way up the hill, then rolled back to rest in its original niche. Mr. Edgcomb smiled.

Father, breathing hard, stepped back from the ball. He took the book from me, sat down, read it carefully, then silently handed it back. He swung with great deliberation and the ball exploded high into the air and went out of sight.

"A lesson for you, Fred," father said to me. "I lost my temper. You see how fatal it is."

We clambered up on the green. Three balls were lying there, none of them father's.

"In the cup, no doubt," father said, and strode toward the pin, when one of the caddies called and pointed across the green. The ball had soared over the green and come to rest in an identical trap on the far side.

Father stared down at it, his neck getting red. Then he plodded down the bank, addressed the ball, swung, and missed.

Mr. Whipple giggled. "You missed it."

Father smiled a terrible smile. "Thank you," he said. "Thank you for calling it to my attention."

Father spat on his hands, and I could hear him talking to the golf ball. He swung viciously and it flew over our heads. We stood transfixed watching it return to the first trap again. A moment later, father climbed up on to the green, sighing with satisfaction.

"My putter, caddy," he said.

The Country Club Set

Continued from page 7

No one said anything for a minute. Then Mr. Whipple pointed a trembling hand toward the trap.

Father looked at us, then went across the green and out of sight again. I heard the club hitting repeatedly against the sand, and then finally the ball trickled up over the bank and on to the green.

Father totted up after it. "Let me see that book, Fred," he said gently.

I handed it to him. He turned it over in his hands as though fondling a pet, then opened it to the middle, raised one knee to brace it against, and ripped the book in half. He turned and threw one half of the book into the woods, then fired the other half after it.

"Who's away?" he said. They holed out and we went on to the next tee. Father was breathing heavily.

His next drive was a good one, and he felt better. "I got off the track," he said. "Forgot a few essentials, but it won't happen again."

We came up to his ball and he selected an iron, addressed the ball confidently, and then hooked it into the woods and out of sight. We stood there listening to the ball ricochet from tree trunks.

"Where's that book?" father said, and then remembered. He stood there deep in thought, then asked his caddy for another golf ball and we went on.

Neither Mr. Lewis nor Mr. Edgcomb was on his game; I think father had upset them. It was abominable golf, but evenly matched. At the eighth hole father couldn't stand the wool stockings any longer. He rolled them down to his ankles. The golf knickers had elastic along the cuffs to give them a fashionable drape below the knee, and the elastic cut into father's legs. He sliced the elastic with a penknife and let the knickers droop down to his calves.

At the next hole, in the rough, I heard him mutter to himself, "I'll learn this game if it takes me a million years." He didn't think anyone was near him. When he saw me he looked blank, hoping I hadn't heard him, and carelessly began humming a tune.

"You've changed your mind?" I asked him, surprised.

He looked sternly at me. "Son," he said, "a man can't just think of himself. Your mother works hard. She needs a little relaxation occasionally. If she likes it here, I'm not the man to stand in her way."

Meanwhile the match went along and they finally reached the eighteenth tee all square. It took Mr. Whipple two shots to get beyond the ladies' tee, but when Mr. Edgcomb drove three successive balls out of bounds, father knew he and Mr. Whipple had a chance to win. Father landed on the green with a mighty second shot and when it was Mr. Whipple's turn finally near the green, I saw father smile with satisfaction. Mr. Whipple's ball was just ten feet off the green. All he had to do was set on and down in two puts and the match would belong to him and father.

Mr. Whipple was acutely conscious of the responsibility on his shoulders. He had been frightened half to death of father at the first tee, and now he was terrified. He started his backswing jerkily, and standing across the green father groaned and closed his eyes. Mr. Whipple's club descended sharply. The ball went flying away at an angle and struck father just above his left ear.

Father's eyes shot open, he staggered, and Mr. Whipple stared at him, unable for once to giggle. Obviously, it was the end of the world for Mr. Whipple. His mouth worked, but no words came out, and then he dropped his club and ran toward the clubhouse.

"Here!" father shouted hoarsely. "I'm all right! Stop, you idiot!"

He went chasing after him, with me bringing up the rear. Mr. Whipple took one backward look, and apparently deciding that father was out to brain him with his putter, redoubled his speed. Mr. Whipple was out of sight when we got inside the clubhouse.

We were standing there looking

for him when mother came in from the terrace, staring at father as though she couldn't believe her vision.

"Now, Amy," father said, "don't get excited. Do you like this place?"

Mother averted her eyes. If she didn't see father she might convince herself he still looked as he had when we'd started out.

"Oh, it's lovely," she said. "Such friendly people. Earlier in the afternoon I became acquainted with a charming woman whose husband is chairman of the membership committee. She was delightful. They spent the past winter in Florida and he took up golf down there and has organized this club. A Mr. Whipple. He—What's the matter?"

Father had let out a hollow groan. "Ruined," he said, staring wild-eyed at mother.

"What is the matter?" "Talk to you later, Amy," father said, squaring his shoulders.

"Come on, son." We started off down the corridor. "Your mother's a wonderful woman," father said, "but I could never explain this to her. Never. There's an office here somewhere. I saw it before. Ah, here it is."

He opened the door and we stepped inside.

Mr. Whipple was behind the desk, talking into the telephone.

"Possible skull fracture," he was saying, and then he broke off to gaze at father.

"I don't need a doctor," father said.

Mr. Whipple said, "Never mind," into the mouthpiece, hung up and looked apprehensively at father.

"Sorry about that," he said.

Father reached up and tenderly touched the lump on the side of his head. I knew father had come into the office with the idea of smooching a little. But at the last minute he rebelled; couldn't smooch to any man.

"You didn't keep your head down," father said accusingly.

Mr. Whipple nodded sadly.

"Membership drive coming along satisfactorily?" father asked hoarsely.

Mr. Whipple nodded. "Very encouraging. Of course, we're particular whom we take in. Golf is a gentleman's game."

Father looked down at himself—at the burrs on his knickers, his rolled-down stockings. Then he set his jaw. "Right," he said gruffly. "Come on, Fred. Let's go down to Murphy's Pool Hall."

We started for the door, and father had his hand on the knob when Mr. Whipple said, "I'm sorry you're not joining us, Mr. Tanner. Be delighted to sponsor you myself. I'll never forget the way you faced that lake hole. If I could only acquire your poise—"

Father winked at me with his left eye—the eye that Mr. Whipple couldn't see.

"Well, now, Whipple—" he began, but I didn't wait to hear. I rushed out to the terrace to tell mother we might join, after all.

We were standing there talking excitedly in whispers when father peered on the threshold. He had pulled down his sweater, rolled up his stockings, and removed most of the burrs from his clothing. He stood there smoking his cigar, one hand caressing the door jamb as though he had built it himself.

A young woman appeared in the doorway, and father smiled at her, stepping back and bowing slightly, as though he were inviting her to enter his home.

"Nice little club we have here," father said. "Coming, Amy?"

He crooked his arm for her, and mother took one lingering look at the still-drooping golf knickers, then held her head proudly and linked her arm through his. We went across the terrace and down the path toward the parking lot.

"Say," father said suddenly, and stopped. "I'll meet you in the car."

He hesitated and turned his eyes momentarily in my direction. "That golf book," he said. "I'd like to look it over to-night. I believe I shall—dropped it on the third fairway. I'll just stroll over and see if I can find it."

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"ELIZABETH"

Adorable Hat for Winter

This smart "off-the-face" model hat, featured on this page, has been created by a notable French milliner for your immediate wear. It is the ideal hat to wear with your winter suits, frocks, coats.

It comes in delightful shades of black, navy, brown, and pastel-blue, and all shades are trimmed with a dusty-pink flower on each side of the face. Price 39/11, plus 2/- postage. It is sent to you by registered post in a special box. No head fitting is required for this hat.

Send order to address in your State given on Page 31.



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Smart Jerkin Suit and Blouse

This attractive suit is fashioned in a sporty, crease-resisting material in delightful shades of white, June-rose, Allend-blue, and China-lacquer.

Jerkin is well cut and features a square shoulder-line, patch hip pockets, and buttoned front. Skirt is accented and gives a slimming line. Blouse is the ever popular style. It features turn-back lapels and long, full sleeves. Obtainable in white rayon, crepe-de-chine.

Ready To Wear: Jerkin Suit. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust. 12/11 (11 coupons); 14 and 16in. bust. 15/11 (12 coupons). Postage, 1/9 extra. Blouse. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust. 12/11 (7 coupons); 14 and 16in. bust. 15/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/9 extra. Cat Out Only: Jerkin Suit. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust. 22/11 (12 coupons); 14 and 16in. bust. 24/11 (13 coupons). Postage, 1/9 extra. Blouse. Sizes 12 and 14in. bust. 15/11 (7 coupons); 14 and 16in. bust. 18/11 (7 coupons). Postage, 1/9 extra.

Needlework Notions

No. 735.—Warm Nightgown for Small Girl

Pattern for this quaint nightgown is obtainable clearly traced on British flannelette in shades of white, pale blue, and pale pink, and is ready for you to cut out and stitch together. Sizes 4 to 6 years, 8/11 (8 coupons); 6 to 8 years, 9/11 (8 coupons); 8 to 10 years, 10/11 (8 coupons); 10 to 12 years, 12/11 (8 coupons). Postage, 6d. extra.

TO ORDER: Fashion Frock, Needlework Notions, and Model Hat can be had from our Pattern Dept. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 31.



No. 736.—Dainty Set of Luncheon or Dinner Mats

You may obtain this easy-to-work set of 9, 7, or 9 mats traced on a good quality cotton in shades of apple-green, rose-pink, and sea-blue; also white.

Set of five mats: 1 centre 18in. x 12in., and 4 mats each 18in. x 10in. Price, 7/3, postage 6d. extra.

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THE SAFEST WAY TO RELIEVE IRREGULARITY

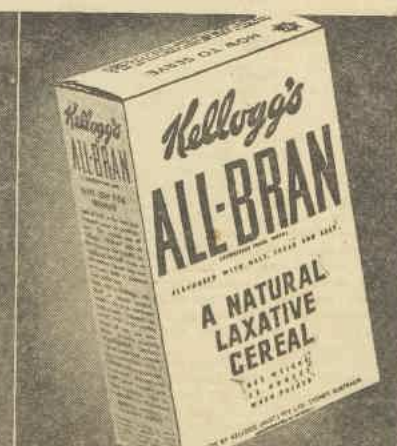


ARE YOU ADDICTED to the harsh dosing habit? Harsh remedies come as a shock to delicate internal muscles — hammering them into action. Doctors' records show that over 75% of certain complaints in middle-aged people can be traced to these dangerous shock remedies.

KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN acts in the same way as raw fruit and vegetables, only more thoroughly. That's why doctors advise it. All-Bran forms a soft, bulky mass which absorbs water and softens like a sponge. This water-softened mass gently but effectively aids elimination. You soon become regular. Never again need you resort to harsh remedies which give only temporary relief. So keep your system functioning regularly the sure way—with Kellogg's All-Bran.



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ORDER A PACKET OF KELLOGG'S ALL-BRAN* FROM YOUR GROCER TO-MORROW!

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A REBELLIOUS wave of protest rose in Elizabeth. Her lips opened, but Beatrice began again. "There's another side to it too. This man was a friend of Bill's, he was with Bill when he died. Surely I've a right to know about that?"

"Yes," said Elizabeth coldly. "You certainly have a right to know about that."

"You will forgive me?"

"You can't have everything," said Elizabeth, choking back tears. "Good-bye." She slammed down the receiver.

Well, there it was. She had better face it. She picked up the dress and went upstairs to her room, then paused with her hand on the wardrobe door, a curious decision stirring in her mind. If she could never be different at least she could feel what it would be like to look different. There might be "magic" in just the feel of the dress.

Elizabeth took a long time dressing—after all she had all night. She touched her lips with a soft coral-colored shade of lipstick and looked at her reflection with interest. Not like Beatrice—not in the least—but lovely.

The magic had worked. It was not an illusion. The slender figure in its cloud of soft whiteness was beautiful.

Like someone in a dream she went downstairs and turned the lights on in the big drawing-room. They shone out through the french windows on to the fairy world of frost. The moon was high above the trees, shining on the glittering, silvery world. Elizabeth turned on the radio, and miraculously melody filled the room.

She threw the windows open and the cold burst of air from the frozen ground seemed to lift her like a draught of champagne. She did not think of satin sandals, bare shoulders, or double pneumonia . . . on the wings of melody she swept out on to the lawn, swinging round to the tune, her skirt swaying about her. In a minute she would feel cold. In a minute she would just be a crazy girl dancing alone in a frozen garden . . . in a minute the magic would stop . . . but a voice said from the shadow of the trees, "May I have this dance?"

Elizabeth stopped, peering up at the tall shadow. "Of course," she said gravely, "you're not real?"

There was a deep, soft chuckle. "I'm beginning to wonder myself. But I've got to find out if you are."

He stepped out into the shaft of golden light from the drawing-room window, a tall man in naval uniform. He put his arm round her and they danced round the lawn, not in any conventional ballroom glide, but in old-fashioned walk-time, swinging and swaying, her hand lightly on his shoulder, his arm strongly encircling her waist.

"Do you reverse?" he said soberly, and they turned with the precision of clockwork and swung in reverse until the tune ended and they stopped, their cheeks flushed.

His arm stayed round her waist. He said, "This is romantic, exciting and wildly improbable, but"—he touched her bare white arm—"you are real, and you will catch pneumonia. Come, Mrs. Greenways, indoors," and he lifted her up and through the windows and closed them behind him.

He turned and looked at her, and she looked up at him, seeing him properly for the first time. This was the feeling, this was the knowledge, straight out of the unknown. "This one is mine," . . . and he thought she was Beatrice. Well, Beatrice had taken so much—for one night she could lend her name and her glamor.

"Now," he said. "Why?"

"I was going to a dance, but my sister had to go out, and there was no one to look after the little boy."

"So you danced by yourself," he said gently, "You must have wanted to go very much indeed."

"Oh, I did," she said like a child. "I wanted to go for so long . . . it was like—the end of the world, not being able to go. You must think I'm very silly."

"No. Not if you can't go out much, and you're lonely," he smiled at her. "Bill asked me to come and see you. Not to talk about him and make you sad . . . he said you were young and gay, and you liked to dance." He paused, and she looked away, ashamed, and yet not ashamed, because Beatrice did not deserve these

Sheer Magic

Continued from page 9

flowers from the past any more than she who had no right to them. "I always thought his wife must be pretty wonderful. He loved her so much."

She liked his use of the word "love." It sounded so simple and sweet when he said it. She waited for Elizabeth to rise within her in puritan protest at this masquerade . . . not the Elizabeth of the magic dress, but the real Elizabeth. But strangely enough Elizabeth did not say a word.

"It's odd," he said. "Bill always said I'd met you at some party or other. But I'm sure I haven't. I could not have forgotten you."

"You have not met me before."

"Then this is Fate," he said, smiling. "I was booked for a party to-night, but I cut it . . . I had an impulse to drive out and see Bill's wife. And here I am, and here are you. Supposing we go out together?"

"I can't leave Terry."

He snapped his fingers. "I can conjure a nurse for Terry. Which way is the front door?"

"There."

He walked across the hall to the front door and opened it, and there was a car parked in the drive, with an able-seaman nodding at the wheel. "Barson," he called.

"Sir?"

"Would you prefer to drive me?"

"Yes, sir."

Elizabeth looked at the car and the driver and the man in the uniform. "What is his name?" asked Elizabeth, knowing the answer.

"Tom Pergrine."

She crept down between the sheets, burying her head.

Elizabeth did not sleep very much, and she rose early, trying to make herself believe that it was just a dream. But the tops of her shoes were soiled, and the dress hung in the cupboard, crushed and a little soiled from the night's dancing.

She took Beatrice's breakfast up, and thought wildly that she looked beautiful even with last night's make-up on, and her hair all tumbled about the pillow.

Tom would not come, but he did he would meet the real Mrs. Greenways, the beautiful Mrs. Greenways, who had marked him down as her own matry months ago.

She went downstairs, made Terry's breakfast, and got on with the work. After lunchtime any courage she might have had deserted her. She dressed Terry in his leggings and warm coat, and put on her own thick camel-hair, and set off across the common, walking briskly while Terry pedalled ahead on his tricycle.

She stayed out as long as possible, hoping that if Tom had called he would have come and gone. At five o'clock she turned homeward. Terry would have to have his tea. She went back bracing herself, wondering if Tom would be in the house with Beatrice. "Bring us some tea, darling. The silver set and some of your little scones."

This was Beatrice's usual request when anyone particularly exciting turned up in the afternoon. And later, "Tom and I are going out this evening . . . you don't mind staying with Terry, do you, Betty?"

She went straight through the side door into the kitchen and found Beatrice there, making the tea. She looked up at Elizabeth with a mixture of surprise and amusement, and something near to tears. Looked at the tossed hair, the wide grey eyes, the cheeks bright with the frosty air. She lifted the clammering Terry in her arms and said slowly: "I was right to try to keep you in the kitchen—Mrs. Greenways."

Elizabeth said: "I'm not sorry, Beatrice . . . but I didn't think he would come back."

"What are you waiting for?" said Beatrice savagely. "I went chasing him to a party, and he came here to look for Bill's widow. Well, he found her . . . and he apparently can't forget her. He's waiting for you. Here . . . She put Terry down and pushed the silver tray into Elizabeth's astonished hands, then knelt and began to undo Terry's coat with trembling hands. "Well, what are you waiting for? Do you think I'd be here if I thought I'd the ghost of a chance? For goodness sake call in and grab for once in your life."

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ELIZABETH went into the drawing-room, with her cheeks raw from the wind, and her hair blown and ruffled, and Tom turned to meet her with that look in his eyes which was part of the magic.

"Tom," she said, "I'm not Mrs. Greenways. Bill was married to my sister."

"But I knew that last night," he said.

"Last night?"

"You would make a very poor liar, Elizabeth, so don't attempt to lie to me any more. There were so many things. You wore no wedding ring. You said your name was Elizabeth, and I knew Bill's wife was called Beatrice. I had apparently met her once, and I could not remember her, and I knew I could have never forgotten you."

He paused, a shadow in his eyes. "And . . ."

"Oh, what is it?"

"Although Bill loved his wife, he always told me that she did not really love him . . . but I knew that you would never have married anyone you did not love, Elizabeth."

She drew a long breath, and put up her hand to her eyes where the tears were starting. She was suddenly desperately sorry for Beatrice.

He said, "Where shall we go to-night?"

"I can't get out, Tom. Beatrice is going to a party, and Terry can't be left."

"To-night I'll stay with you," he said slowly, but there was the smallest hint of laughter behind his grave tones. "But Beatrice will have to find someone else to look after her home and her baby, because I need you badly to look after me."

She gave a little groping movement, as he stepped forward and caught her up in his arms, as though the light were too magical and wonderful for her eyes.

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Unsightly DANDRUFF

— GONE IN A FEW DAYS!



You've got to be well-groomed to land a really good job, and that unsightly dandruff on your shoulders certainly didn't help any!



Nothing I tried did the slightest bit of good, and to make matters worse my hair started falling out. Then one day I saw an ad. for Rexona Ointment.

This soon put my hair in excellent condition. And I know there wasn't any dandruff to spoil my appearance, save me confidence. So thanks to Rexona I've a job any man could be proud of!

For a week I managed to keep my scalp as healthy. And each morning you'll find a good wash with Rexona Medicated Soap.

THE RAPID HEALER
Rexona
1/6 OINTMENT
A JAR (City & Suburbs)
Rexona's SIX healing ointments make it the perfect treatment for all skin troubles.

C 73 37



It's that lovely CHIFFON effect.

See your skin take on the new fineness—the super-smoothness that only CHIFFON FACE POWDER can give!

Chiffon's fineness and cling makes a new technique possible:—Use very little: smooth it on carefully and evenly studying the effect in your mirror; use very little powder—base or none at all.



THE PRICE of Chiffon is 2/5

ATKINSON & LONDON AND SYDNEY

Robert Taylor to go to Europe

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

Robert Taylor is anxious to join in troop-entertaining overseas this summer.

Bob says "I never got overseas during the war, being assigned as a flying instructor here for thirty months, so I feel that the least I can do is to entertain the Army of Occupation in Europe."

"MY wife, Barbara Stanwyck, will be going too. I can't sing or dance, but Barbara and I will act in sketches."

When I saw him Bob was dressed cowboy fashion in a shirt, neck handkerchief, and a silver-trimmed leather belt, and was just about to leave his Beverly Hills home for Palm Springs, where he planned to ride the desert trails for five days.

We drank coffee in the living-room, the furniture of which is upholstered in red and green plaid, while Bob finished polishing his spurs.

"Barbara is working on a picture just now, but I have just finished my first film since my service, titled 'Undercurrent,' with Katharine Hepburn," he said.

Bob is undoubtedly the most handsome actor on the screen today.

His face is thinner, his eyes dark blue under heavy, arched brows, and his blue-black hair springing back in a widow's peak. In spite of his terrific good looks, he is the rugged, outdoor type.

"I will be really roughing it in the desert," he said.

"Our group is composed of 75 men, mainly business and professional men, and we will ride desert trails and take bedrolls, and camp under the stars."

"We will eat canned beans and brew coffee over open fires."

"We call ourselves 'Los Vaqueros Del Desierto,' which means 'Cowboys of the Desert.'"

Bob loves riding and believes he would make a good boundary rider.

"We call them fence riders in America, meaning inspectors of ranch owners' fences."

"I had a ranch myself before the war, but it did not take me long fence-riding as I only had five acres," Bob grinned.

Bob loves flying and had his own plane before the war, which fitted him as a naval flying instructor for his war service.

He would not tell me of his service years, merely tossing off, "I didn't do much beyond chauffeuring trainees about the sky."

In reality, Bob was a naval candidate with the highest exam marks of the group in the months preceding his induction. He had the highest physical and mental rating.

Now he is out of the service he plans to buy a new aircraft.

"I want a Beachcraft."

"It is a type of plane that carries three people and the pilot, and is an enclosed-cabin type with a speed of one hundred and eighty miles per hour."

"Barbara is not enthusiastic about flying, but I think she will change her mind after I introduce her to the Beachcraft."

Bob admitted that he was nervous the first time he stepped before the cameras after his three-year absence, but after several days he found his acting technique returning.

He plays a Washington scientist married to Hepburn, who is a girl scientist falling in love with his brother, whom she has never seen.

"It sounds complicated, doesn't it, but it is one of those psychological films that we are having lately."

"It has a surprise ending, so I can't tell you any more."

Bob and Barbara have been married seven years and also refute the idea that two careers in the one marriage will not work. Both are devoted to 14-year-old Dion, whom Barbara adopted.

Dion is now big enough to wear Bob's riding-boots and may take to the desert trails with his illustrious stepfather next year, when "Los Vaqueros Del Desierto" ride again.



ROBERT TAYLOR and his wife, Barbara Stanwyck, do some polishing of Bob's favorite saddle at their ranch home. Bob has just completed his first MGM picture since his discharge from the Navy. He co-stars with Katharine Hepburn in "Undercurrent."

Film Reviews

★★ SMITHY

AUSTRALIAN films have been given healthy encouragement by the Columbia production of "Smithy", and the performance of Ron Randall in the title role is outstanding. More experience and good films should take him a long way.

In presenting the life of Sir Charles Kingsford Smith for a world market, producer Nick Perry has refrained from overglamorising the flier or introducing too many imaginary incidents to add so-called color.

Practically documentary in its approach, the film suffers badly at times from inferior editing and a pedantic script.

Some scenes are too dragged out and others are popped in almost as if they were in parenthesis. Director Ken Hall can take a bow for his handling of the players, who, with few exceptions, turn in sincere performances.

Careless grooming of some of the feminine players, notably Joy Nichols, who suffers from a most unbecoming hair-do, should be a warning for future films.

Muriel Steinbeck as Mary Kingsford Smith looked attractive and acted with warm sincerity. "Smithy" is a good film in which a segment of Australian history has been vividly recreated.—State; showing.

★★ SHE WOULDN'T SAY YES

BRISK, capable Rosalind Russell goes career girl again for Columbia in a pretty familiar type of story. This time Rox is a woman psychiatrist whose efforts to avoid an emotional entanglement only land her into one. The man concerned is Lee Bowman, who does a most competent job, and almost steals the show. Adele Jergens, a blonde eye-fall, has her moments, too, as a feminine wolf hunting Bowman. Charles Winninger and Harry Davenport, as usual, help things along. This is a bright film, though Rosalind Russell has done better.—Victory; showing.

★★ THE STORK CLUB

PARAMOUNT'S Cinderella story has a slightly different angle, which makes it worth attention. When cloakroom attendant Judy (Betty Hutton) gets a fairy godfather (with no dishonorable intentions), he winces visibly when his money is spent like water. This partly amiable and partly dour eccentric old gentleman is played in mannered style by Barry Fitzgerald.

Betty Hutton romps through her role in her usual effervescent way and her healthy lungs are obvious as she screams through some of her songs. Romantic side of the

story comes from Don De Fore. A little loss of weight would put this actor further into the handsome lead class.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ DOLL FACE

ANY musical which is not in technicolor nowadays suffers accordingly in lack of interest. This little number from Fox is not especially pretentious, and for some reason the fact that it was based on Gipsy Rose Lee's successful stage play "The Naked Genius" is more or less disguised.

Stars are Vivian Blaine, Dennis O'Keefe, Perry Como, and Carmen Miranda.

The story tells of a burlesque queen (Miss Blaine) who leaps to Broadway fame on the merit of her "ghosted" autobiography.

There are several bright songs, and a promising newcomer in Martha Stewart, who plays Miss Blaine's understudy.

Dennis O'Keefe is the busy but not very bright stage manager hero, and Carmen Miranda a helpful girlfriend actress who straightens out the misunderstanding between hero and heroine.—Empire; showing.

★ SHINE ON, HARVEST MOON

WARNERS' film biography of former singing star Nora Bayes is handicapped by a deficient script that tells just another back-stage drama.

Ann Sheridan and Dennis Morgan make an attractive starring team, and display a thorough understanding of their roles.

Jack Carson and Marie Wilson expertly handle a comedy presentation, "So Dumb, But So Beautiful."

For a spectacular finale the film swings into technicolor.—Plaza; showing.

★ BLUE BEARD

JOHN CARRADINE and Jean Parker both do pretty well in this thriller from PRC, which has been given good settings of Paris in the 19th century.

The hawk-faced Mr. Carradine is hardly a sympathetic character, as he is an artist who is seized with a desire to strangle the subjects of his portraits. Jean Parker is one of the lucky ones who escapes and unmasks him as a killer. Nils Asther is a French detective, but the rest of the cast is unknown.—Civic; showing.

★ HOUSE OF DRACULA

FOLLOWERS of the Dracula series will settle down happily to an hour or so of horror as they witness Universal's latest of these ghoulish numbers.

Madmen, werewolves, and hypnotised young women are all thrown

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★ Excellent
- ★★ Above average
- ★ Average
- No stars — below average.

in together to make a shuddery story in which Lon Chaney, Martha O'Driscoll, John Carradine, and Lionel Atwill have the main roles.

Makeup men must have had a busy time converting Lon Chaney's normally pleasant face into the one he presents as the Wolf Man, while pretty Martha O'Driscoll suffers from a deathly pallor as the victim of hypnotist John Carradine.—Lyric; showing.

★ HOLD THAT BLONDE

THAT ingenuous, likeable young man Eddie Bracken has been given rather a raw deal by Paramount for his latest film, and it is due to his ability that the result is anything more than a modern version of an old-time slapstick release.

This time Eddie is a rich kleptomaniac whose psychiatric treatment results in his being involved with gangsters and the beautiful Veronica Lake.

There are mad chases along hotel corridors and one of those evergreen edge of high building episodes. Eddie displays his familiar worried look and Veronica her sultry glamor.—Capitol; showing.

★ WALTZ TIME

AFTER so many fine British films in recent months, it is unfortunate that this ambitious musical from GBD must go on the debit side.

There are a lot of stars, a lot of singing, and a lot of Viennese scenery, but it's all so jumbled up that no one cares anyway. The sudden inclusion of Richard Tauber warbling twice in true concert fashion is ridiculous.

Leading players are Carol Raye, Patricia Medina, and Peter Graves, with George Robey making a brief appearance.—Embassy; showing.

VIVACIOUS author Pamela Kellino, wife of James Mason, is defying the doctor by sitting up in bed after an illness to work on the script of the film she and Jimmie hope to produce with Sydney Box, "The Upturned Glass."

MICHAEL POWELL and Emeric Pressburger have been hunting for a dusky beauty to play opposite Sabu, who is now in England, for their "Black Narcissus." After a three months' Britain-wide search, they say that there is no British actress or any girl in the casting agencies capable of portraying the role of Kanchi exactly as she is described in the book.

New color used in films

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

THE latest fashionable color in the British film world is called "cinder-blossom," a pink-mauve which will be seen in Wesley Ruggles' technicolor spectacle, "London Town."

It is the color of a small wild-flower which has pushed its way up through the blackened soil of the bombed sites of London everywhere this spring.

This delicate shade was seen in Queen Elizabeth's ensemble at the saluting base of the Victory Parade.

Film star Anne Crawford is also popularising the color by wearing it in her latest hats.

Another new color is "radar-blue,"

in which designers dressed Two Cities' new star, Pamela Matthews. The inspiration came from her radar film, "Top Secret."

TRIUMPH and stardom after fifty Continental and British film appearances came at last to handsome, blond Austrian Albert Lieven, when "Beware of Pity," in which he played opposite Lilli Palmer, was premiered in London this week.

Just a few days earlier, fame also came to his wife, Valerie White, with her appearance in the stage play, "Frieda."

Now Valerie is signed up by Ealing to appear in "Hue and Cry."



DIRECTOR HARRY WATT, with his wife, Louise, and small son Christopher, will leave England by ship very soon to return to Australia, where he hopes to produce local films. He may see the world premiere of Ealing's "The Overlanders" before he leaves London.

The Sign of Quality Since 1806



*Jean Marie Farina
Eau de Cologne*

A PRODUCT OF
ROGER & GALLET
PARIS SYDNEY NEW YORK



BABY: What's the fuss? Aren't you happy being me—and playing with all my nice toys?

MUMMY: Pet, it would take more than toys to make me enjoy a baby's life! Why didn't you tell me how uncomfortable a baby's skin gets with all this wriggling around?

BABY: I tried. Simply yowled. But I guess you realize now the kind of attention I was after—Johnson's Baby Cream and Johnson's Baby Powder for my tender skin! That's the secret. I need pure Johnson's Baby Cream to chase away skin irritation.

MUMMY: Oh, I see! And why the powder?

BABY: You know how little chafes and prickles make me whimper, Mummy? Fix them with cool, soft sprinkles of Johnson's Baby Powder. A-a-a-a-h!



GET RID OF PAIN



EASY! One Anacin ingredient brings relief in a hurry.

PROLONGED! Another Anacin ingredient provides prolonged relief from pain.

HEADACHES NEURITIS 'FLU' } Two bring fast relief

When you're suffering you want quick relief. Anacin gives it. Anacin is like a doctor's prescription . . . that is, not just one single ingredient but a combination of medically proven and highly effective agents concentrated in tablet form. Buy now. Be ready for pain—then end it with Anacin.

ANACIN

From This Day Forward



1 WHEN SUSAN (Joan Fontaine) takes her friend Bill (Mark Stevens) to meet her relations, he sees the result of marriage without the husband continuing in constant employment.



2 IN SPITE of the poor example they have seen, Bill and Susan decide to marry, though he is without a job and she returns to work in book store.



3 UNABLE TO GET WORK, Bill tries to develop an old hobby of sketching to add to the money earned by Susan, as they are having a struggle to live. He becomes depressed by their poverty, but Susan remains hopeful.



4 HOPING TO HELP BILL, Susan sells his sketches, but the book is withdrawn and Bill gets munitions job.

New actor's first starring role

HANDSOME newcomer Mark Stevens shares starring honors with Joan Fontaine in RKO's romantic drama of the efforts of a young couple to find security in modern life.

Mark Stevens began his acting career in spite of much family opposition. He left home and managed to get a job in radio after being rejected for service in the Air Force. He was in Hollywood for some months before he was able to get a film contract. He has formed a habit of speaking rapidly, but his well-enunciated voice shows his radio training. Swimming and golf are his hobbies.



5 FOR A WHILE they are happily settled, till Bill gets an Army call-up and has to leave Susan alone.



6 WHEN WAR ENDS Bill returns and gets a factory job, so he and Susan feel they have hope of security.

Your hands, Madam - are what you make them

Excitingly New!
Keeps hands soft, white and beautiful

Drest
Honey & Glycerine HAND JELLY

Delightfully fragrant . . . quickly absorbed, leaves no greasy, sticky feeling . . . Drest Jelly softens the hands and smoothes away cracks, chapping or roughness.

1/6 TUBE

AT ALL STORES

dura-glit
MAGIC WADDING

CLEANS ALL DIRTY METALS LIKE MAGIC

AT ALL STORES

A Host of Friends



Fruit and spice and all that's nice . . . yes, that's what gives Tom Piper Plum Puddings their rare English flavour. Rich in luscious fruits, painstakingly mixed to a trusted recipe, Tom Piper Plum Puddings win the praises of those who demand a real Christmas flavour and sustaining goodness in a winter time dessert.

TOM PIPER

PLUM PUDDING

THE NAME OF QUALITY IN FRESH CANNED FOODS

Why not Make PERFECT HEALTH A Regular Habit

If a woman feels well, she's cheerful, youthful—there is spring in her stride. And feeling well can become a constant habit when you discover what Bile Beans can mean to you.

Taken regularly at bed time, these fine vegetable pills create that "inner well-being" which is the foundation of fitness, good spirits and personal charm.

Cleansing the blood-stream, toning up digestion, eliminating toxic wastes, Bile Beans keep you bright-eyed, radiant and attractive.

1/3 & 1/- a box.

Start To-night with

BILE BEANS



"I feel brighter and ever so much better since taking Bile Beans. My complexion, too, is fresher and healthier in colour. Friends remark about the marked improvement in my health and appearance."—Miss F. G. Tucker.



FLATNESS of this garden at Broken Hill, N.S.W. is admirably broken by the clever use of a pergola over which roses trail. Massed at its foot are lovely leptosynes, or winter marguerites.

PERGOLAS, ARCHES GIVE ACCENT

● Among the ornamental and utility accessories of the garden that any handy man can erect are pergolas, shade or bush houses, rustic work, trellises, screens, seats, gates, and some fences.

Says OUR HOME GARDENER

NOW that second-hand timber is reaching the market from military camps, these permanent garden features should be fairly cheaply built.

Pergolas and skilfully designed gates or arches add considerably to the appearance of even the smallest garden, provided, of course, the material to clamber over them is well chosen and tended during growth.

Nature hates straight lines, and soon covers them up with graceful curves of greenery and color. For all that, it pays to give pergolas, arches, trellises, fences, and gates two or three coats of good-quality paint before the plants start to take possession.

Once a climbing rose, bougainvillea, or some other thorny subject has grown well over the woodwork, nothing but a major operation will enable the gardener to put a coat of preserving oil or paint over the timber.

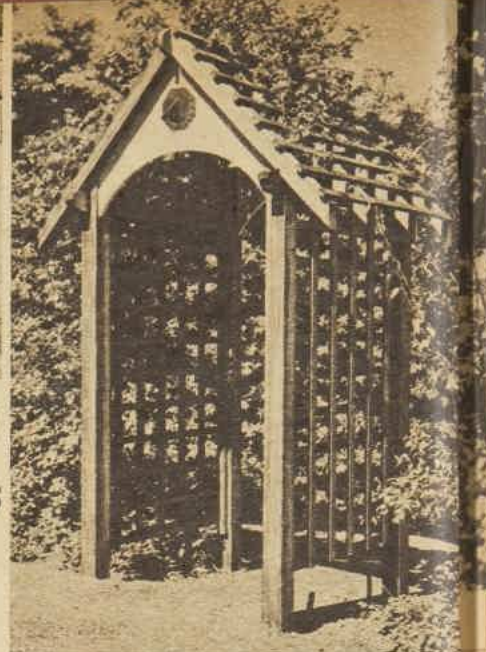
Bush timber, if used for rustic work, should be allowed to season and dry out well before being used. If this is not done, various boring insects may lodge in the wood and soon cause ruin.

All ends buried in the soil should be painted with tar or creosote, or given several coats of good white lead and boiled oil. Nail-holes should be filled with putty and painted over well to exclude moisture, and all laths should be smoothed with sandpaper on one side and both edges before being nailed on. Any laths under half an inch thick should be rejected, as their life is very limited.

Circular tables or seats, with a gap between, can be easily built of second-hand timber round big, shady trees, and rose arbors or pergolas can be provided with seats on the inside for use on hot days.

Wych gates are useful at the end of drives, where their deep-gabled roofs provide shelter on hot or wet days for visitors or residents waiting for buses, cars, and other transport.

But care should always be taken to assure that these features are placed where they are wanted, for the



NEAT ARCHWAY placed to lead enticingly from formal flower beds to the wilder shrubbery beyond becomes an attractive accent in the garden. It is ornamented by a sundial on top, difficult to read but a novel touch.

moving of a heavily overgrown climbing plant and pergola, or ornamental gate or arch smothered with perhaps half a ton of greenery, requires a lot of work, and often upsets the whole garden plan for years.

When building such structures, choose between the formal and informal, or if you decide to use both, be sure to separate them into distinct features.

Care should also be taken to choose climbing plants that are suitable to the various sites, also their height, color, bloom, and fragrance should be considered.

To really make a success of permanent garden features the builder has to become landscape conscious, and by that is meant to be able to foresee what these structures will look like 10 or perhaps 20 years later.

Many gardeners plant trees and shrubs without considering the size they will reach when mature. This also applies to the construction of pergolas and trellises, which are often far too small to carry the weight of the vines planted to cover them.

Plants suitable for arrangement on such structures should always be chosen carefully, and if the gardener is ignorant of their habits the advice of an expert should be sought.

Knowledge of form, color, weight, density, and life of a vine is important, because these features affect composition and planning in the garden. Professional gardeners are familiar with the particulars, but they are often very baffling to the novice.

Without knowing plant habits, both in adolescence and age, few home gardeners can decide what to plant—or where. Many vines, shrubs, and trees, while most attractive in their youth, develop serious defects in age.

This is particularly the case with many of the bignonia family so often used to cover pergolas and trellises. Some of them become like old men of the sea, and soon wear out their welcome. Not only do they become too dense, but they starve everything else growing for many yards around.

In the circumstances it pays to know your plants first of all, and then to build a support suitable to the species and variety to be planted.

DO YOU KNOW?

HOT-IRON CURED TOOTHACHE!

IN THE 17th CENTURY, WHEN TEETH DECAYED, THE CURE WAS TO TOUCH THE TOOTH WITH A HOT IRON AND DESTROY THE ACHING NERVE.

Miss Kolynos for July

Miss Nancy Bennett of Rydalmere, East Coast, Tasmania, a blonde with blue eyes, a dressmaker, who wants to be a radio singer. "Kolynos soon had my teeth cleaner, and my word—how much more they shine." Send "Miss Kolynos" entry photograph to Kolynos, 210 44 Bridge-street, Sydney. £10 per month. £100 to girl polling most votes at end of year. Photos will be returned.

TEETH WITH NO ROOTS!

THE WOMAN'S TEETH HAVE NO ROOTS. THEY NEVER STOP GROWING. IF ONE TOOTH IS LOST THEN THE OPPOSITE TOOTH KEEPS ON GROWING AND MAY FINALLY KILL THE WOMAN! KEEP YOUR TEETH SHINING BY USING KOLYNOS, THE EXTRA ACTIVE AND NON-SCORING DENTIFRICE CREAM.

DIANNA FOREY!

KOLYNOS IS EXTRA ACTIVE—HIGHLY CONCENTRATED—AND HALF AN INCH CLEANS YOUR TEETH—SURPASSING

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

£700 FOR ONE TOOTH!

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S TOOTH WAS SOLD FOR £700 AT AN AUCTION IN LONDON IN 1815.

The real savoury goodness of BEEF.

BOVRIL brings it home to you

It's hard to describe the tempting flavour of beef—but it's easy to recognise it in Bovril. Because it is so highly concentrated, a very little Bovril adds infinite savour and goodness to your cooking.

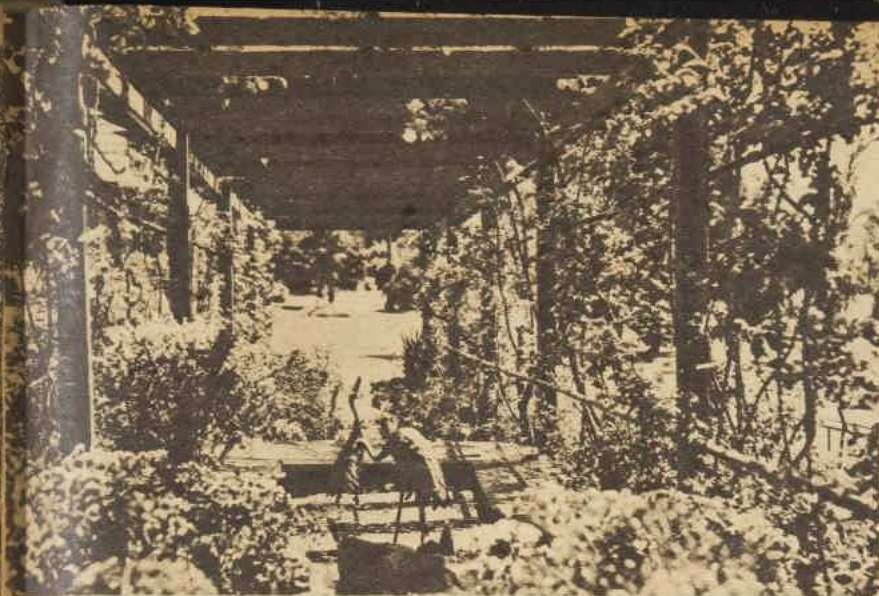
● Soups, Sauces, Savoury dishes of all sorts—Bovril makes them simply delicious.

● Smacks and Sandwiches are the better for Bovril. It combines well with other good things and adds a special savour to all its uses.

DomineX RESS. Coats

THE CHOICE OF EVERY WELL DRESSED WOMAN

AT ALL LEADING STORES



SHADE AND BEAUTY under a well-built pergola. The designer of this structure included a small pool and a pair of fountains to lend atmosphere.

What causes bilious attacks in childhood

By MEDICO

"WHAT am I to do?" asked Mrs. Oliphant, with tears of disappointment in her eyes. "I do everything possible to build my four-year-old Jimmy up, and he gets one bilious attack after another. Is there any cure for biliousness?"

"The word bilious is not one that means very much in medical language to-day," I told her. "When a child vomits it brings up first the contents of its stomach, and if it continues to vomit, the contents of the next part of the digestive tract, which is called the duodenum. As the duodenum normally contains bile, this will be present in the material which is brought up."

"But why should Jimmy get these turns?"

"There are two common causes for repeated tummy upsets. The first is too much fat in his diet. Some children cannot tolerate an excess of fat, and it has been found that the fat of milk is usually to blame."

"There is always a lot of cream on the milk I give him. The top third of the bottle is all cream."

"The most valuable part of the milk for a growing child is the protein, which he needs for growth, and the mineral salts which build his teeth and bones. These are mainly in the lower two-thirds of the milk bottle. I would suggest that you pour off the top milk in the bottle and give Jim what is left."

"What is the other cause?" asked Mrs. Oliphant.

"Some children instead of getting hives when they eat a food to which they are sensitive get a tummy upset. We can easily find out if Jimmy is sensitive to some food by doing some skin tests."

"But first we'll try the effect of giving Jimmy skimmed milk instead of whole milk. If the trouble should recur, I'll try out his reactions to skin tests of the foods which have been found to cause this kind of allergy."



FRAMING STEPS leading from the lower level of a garden to the higher level, this archway is an inspiration, and is effective either plain or covered with wisteria.



BLONDE hair

demands a special shampoo!
Only a few enjoy the advantage of blonde hair. It is different... distinctive. And because of this it demands a special shampoo. Stablon prevents natural fair hair from darkening. If your hair has darkened, Stablon will bring back its former golden sparkle. For Stablon is made specially for blondes.

STA-BLOND THE BLONDEOWN SHAMPOO

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- The World's Best Cleaner
- Made in England
- Instantly converted for above-the-floor cleaning
- Complete cleaning kit with each machine
- Limited supplies now available
- Pre-war prices plus sales tax

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IT BEATS... AS IT SWEEPS... AS IT CLEANS



Take care of your
'Celanese'
TRADE MARK



'Celanese'

British Celanese Ltd., London, are the Proprietors of the Trade Mark 'Celanese.'

I wish you could see this doyley...

20 years old and washed regularly yet it looks brand new!

says Aunt Jenny



Actual letter from Mrs. B. K. Bright proves how **VELVET SOAP** makes linens last.



"Please find enclosed a doyley my youngest daughter worked when she was 10 years old," writes Mrs. Beatrice K. Bright, of 8 Smith St., Nth. Coburg, Vic., in a letter which can be seen in our office. Now, her daughter has passed her thirtieth birthday and the doyley looks as new as when it was made because, says Mrs. Bright, "I never use any other soap but Velvet." Isn't that proof that Velvet makes linens last? Velvet's extra-soapy suds coax out grime and stains with just a few light finger rubs. And since there's no hard rubbing, everything stays like new year after year.



Tune in 11 a.m. every Mon. to Fri. "AUNT JENNY'S REAL-LIFE STORIES"

J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

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A Picture of Health



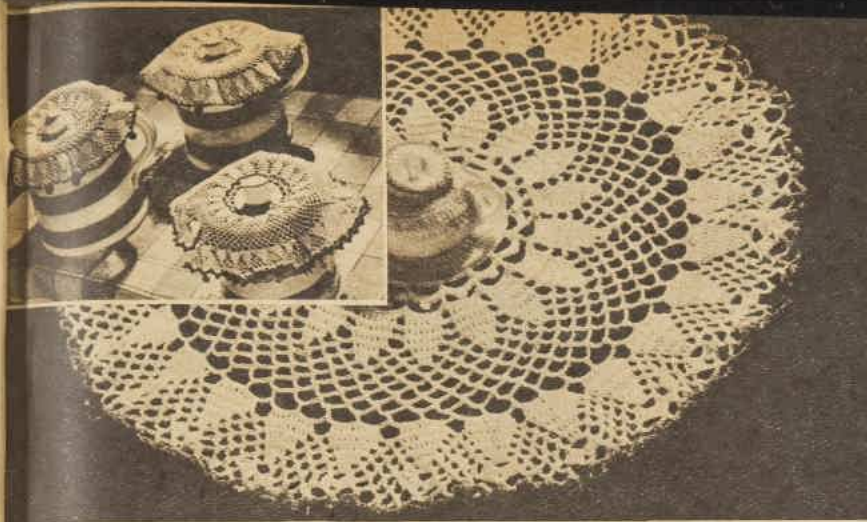
ALL THE GOODNESS OF RICH BARLEY MALT, FULL-CREAM MILK AND
NEW-LAID EGGS CONCENTRATED IN A DELICIOUS FOOD BEVERAGE

For busy people, growing children, nursing mothers, convalescents and invalids, there's nothing more delicious, more sustaining and more nourishing than daily cups of Ovaltine served hot. Scientifically manufactured from malt, milk and eggs, Ovaltine supplies the proteins, carbohydrates and vitamins to replace body tissue, regenerate energy and to fortify the system against infection. . . . A cup of delicious Ovaltine taken hot last thing before going to bed assures restful refreshing sleep.

'OVALTINE'

THE FOOD YOU DRINK FOR HEALTH AND STRENGTH





CLOSE-UP of the stitch used in making the jug-covers. Picture shows clearly the attractive design featured in the set.

Crochet a novelty in jug covers

HERE'S a quaint variation of the old-fashioned crocheted jug-cover. The idea is novel, and you'll find the covers simple, swift, and inexpensive to make.

Set consists of 3 covers. One with cup and saucer as centre-piece, one with jug, one with teapot.

Materials: No. 60 Mercer crochet cotton and a fine steel crochet-hook. Commence with 5 ch. and join into a ring.

1st Row: 3 ch. (which stands for first tr. in each row), work 19 tr. into ring.

2nd Row: Tr. all round, working 2 tr. into every second st. (pick up back thread only).

3rd Row: Same as 2nd row.

4th Row: 2 tr. into every third st.

5th Row: Same as 4th row.

6th Row: * 7 ch., 1 d.c. in 5th st., rep. from * all round, making 16 loops.

7th Row: * 4 d.c., 5 ch. (for picot), 4 d.c., rep. from * in every loop.

8th Row: 11 ch. (including 3 for first tr.), * a tr. over d.c. in 6th row, 8 ch., rep. from * all round.

9th Row: 4 ch. for 1st. (ong tr.), 6 tr. in first loop, * 2 ch., 7 tr., in next loop, rep. from * all round.

10th Row: 3 ch. for tr., 6 tr. in 1st. of previous row, * 3 ch., 7 tr., rep. from * all round.

11th Row: * 7 tr., 4 ch., rep. from * all round.

12th Row: Sl-st. over first tr., 5 tr., * 4 ch., 1 d.c. in loop, 4 ch., miss 1 tr., 5 tr., rep. from * all round.

13th Row: Sl-st. over first tr., 3 tr., * 3 loops of 4 ch., miss 1 tr., 3 tr., rep. from * all round.

14th Row: Sl-st. over 1st tr., 1 d.c. in centre tr., * 4 loops of 4 ch., 1 d.c. in centre tr. of next group, rep. from * all round.

15th Row: Sl-st. to centre of loop, and work loops of 4 ch. all round.

16th Row: Loops of 5 ch. all round.

17th Row: Rep. 16th row.

18th Row: Loops of 6 ch. all round.

19th Row: Rep. 18th row.

20th Row: Sl-st. to centre of loop

(3 ch. for 1st tr.) * 5 ch., 1 tr., rep. from * all round.

21st Row: * 4 tr. in sp., 1 tr. on tr. of previous row, 4 tr. in next sp., 2 ch., rep. from * all round.

22nd Row: * 9 tr., 3 ch., rep. from * all round.

23rd Row: Sl-st. over 1st tr., 7 tr., * 3 ch., 1 d.c. in loop, 3 ch., miss 1 tr., on next group, 7 tr., rep. from * all round.

24th Row: Sl-st. over 1st tr., 5 tr., * 3 loops of 3 ch., 5 tr. on next group, rep. from * all round.

25th Row: Sl-st. over 1st tr., 3 tr., * 4 loops of 3 ch., 3 tr., rep. from * all round.

26th Row: Sl-st. over 3 tr., 1 d.c. in loop, work loops of 4 ch. all round.

27th Row: Sl-st. to centre of loop * 5 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, 5 ch., 1 d.c. in second loop, 3 tr., 3 ch., 3 tr., in ch. over group of tr., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * all round.

28th Row: Sl-st. to centre of loop, * 9 ch., 1 d.c. in next loop, rep. from * all round.

Fasten off.

Thread beads on cotton and work round the outer edge as follows: Make loops of 10 ch., draw ch. through bead over every alt. group of trs.

Cup and saucer

THE cup is worked into outer edge of 2nd row.

1st Row: 2 tr. in every 3rd tr. of foundation.

2nd Row: 1 tr. in every tr. of previous row.

3rd and 4th Rows: Same as 2nd row.

4 rows of d.c. Fasten off.

For handle: Fasten cotton to 6th row of cup and work 8 ch., loop into 2nd row and work d.c. into loop.

Fasten off.

To finish saucer, commence on 5th row of foundation. 1st Row: 2 tr. in every 5th st., 2 rows d.c. Fasten off.

Small jug

COMMENCE on second row of foundation.

1st Row: Tr. all round, working 2 tr. in every 3rd st.

2nd Row: 2 tr. in every 4th st.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in every st.

4th, 5th, and 6th Rows: Same as 3rd row.

7th Row: * 4 d.c., miss 1 st., rep. from * all round.

8th Row: * 7 d.c., miss 1 st., rep. from * all round.

9th Row: 1 d.c. in every st.

10th Row: 17 d.c., 5 tr. in next st., 17 d.c.

11th Row: 2 d.c. in every st.

For handle—Fasten cotton to 9th row of jug and work 14 ch., loop into 3rd row, and work 20 d.c. in loop.

Teapot

COMMENCE on second row of foundation.

1st Row: Tr. all round, working 2 tr. in every 2nd st.

2nd Row: 2 tr. in every 3rd st.

3rd Row: 1 tr. in every st.

4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th Rows: Same as 3rd.

8th Row: * 3 d.c., miss 1 st., rep. from * all round.

9th Row: 1 d.c. in every st.

10th Row: * 2 d.c., miss 1 st., rep. from * all round.

11th Row: Same as 9th row.

Break off.

For Handle: Fasten cotton to 9th row of teapot and work 16 ch.; sl-st. into 3rd row and work 24 d.c. in loop.

1st Row: Make a ring of 4 ch., and work 12 tr. into ring.

2nd Row: Tr. all round, working 2 tr. in every 2nd st.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. in every st.

4th Row: 2 d.c. in every 3rd st.

5th Row: Same as 4th row.

Attach to teapot.

Spout is worked flat—Commence with 4 ch. (3 ch. standing for first tr.), work 4 tr. in first ch., turn.

2nd Row: 3 ch. for tr., 1 tr., 3 tr. in centre st., 2 tr., turn.

3rd Row: 3 ch. for tr., 2 tr. in next 3 sts., 3 tr. in centre st., 2 tr., turn.

4th Row: 1 tr. in every st.

5th and 6th Rows: 1 d.c. in every st.

7th Row: 4 d.c., 3 tr. in centre st., 4 d.c., fasten off.

Sew up from 7th row to 5th row (leaving first 4 rows open to sew on to teapot). Attach small bead to centre of lid.

Teapot and jug can be filled with cotton-wool to keep in shape.

BUT I CAN'T
SLEEP WITH A
MISERABLE COLD



Mother, Relieve His Cold WHILE HE SLEEPS

THE treatment is quite simple. Mother! Rub the child's throat, chest and back at bedtime with Vicks VapoRub. At once VapoRub starts to work in 2 ways to relieve all those discomforts. And the child, feeling warm and relaxed, soon falls asleep.

While the child sleeps, VapoRub goes on working for hours like this...

INSIDE

Its medicinal vapours are breathed into the irritated air-passages. There they clear stuffy nose, soothe sore throat, calm coughing.

OUTSIDE

And VapoRub works in another way as well...on the chest and back. Like a warming, soothing poultice, it eases congestion, "draws out" tightness.

Next morning, usually, the child wakes up delighted to find the worst of the cold over!



VICKS
VAPORUB

AMAZING AUSTRALIA

Believe Bill Beatty—



The crocodile's tooth-brush! The tiny Trochilus bird enters the croc's mouth and picks small morsels from around its teeth. The saintly welcome the bird and has never been known to close its jaws on its little helpmate.



Queensland possesses the largest clams in existence. They inhabit shells which measure 5 feet across and weigh about 400 lbs.

The aborigines have never revealed to a white man the secret of their famous curly or spiral smoke signals which ascend to the sky cork-screw fashion.

SOVEREIGN HATS

Sovereign value for a pound



NO HAT IS A GENUINE SOVEREIGN HAT WITHOUT THIS TRADE MARK.



EYES BRIGHT

IT'S BACK AGAIN...THAT EYE-BRIGHT, EYES-NIGHT LOOK. BRING SHARPEY EYEBROWS INTO LINE.

Two Glamorous Shades...
BLACK and BROWN
Smooth-marking Impression

13

KATHRYN KING
EYEBROW PENCIL

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Staisweet

protects you against all risk of offending

Staisweet

gives you confidence and natural charm

Staisweet

The Deodorant Cream You can trust!

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KEEPS YOU WELL AND SLIM

JUNIPAH

MINERAL SPRING SALTS

With its natural, gentle action, Junipah Mineral Spring Salts (containing all of Juniper) tones up the system, relieves kidney disorders and keeps you fit, well and slim. Get a jar to-day.

26



BEDROOMS FOR CHILDREN

*... remodellers or new-home
builders will welcome
this adaptable design*

THE American architects who designed this child's room have cleverly suited it to new home or remodelling needs.

From a basic, rectangular room—the kind found in any house, new or old—they've extended a flat roof, then let light in from above through overhead windows and from below through floor-to-ceiling glass doors and window-wall.

By thus extending the room area they have added nearly one-third more indoor play space,

easy access to the outdoor play terrace, and the floods of light desirable to prevent eyestrain when children are at play or study.

One side wall of the room contains built-in bookshelves and toy cupboards, an easel for drawing, and space beneath the cupboards for ingenious toy chests or caskets.

Opposite this wall is another wall of built-ins to take care of washing and dressing.

The color photograph above shows the book-and-toy storage wall. Note how the pillow-board of the bed is hinged along its top edge, is really no more than a lift-up cupboard door.



Above: TO-MORROW'S LIVING-ROOMS are spacious, with plenty of glass and real rainbow colorings in the furniture.

Below: DINING END OF LIVING-ROOM matches the scheme, looks inviting.



Bright future for living-rooms



HERE is a typical postwar living-room designed in America. It is altogether different from the family rooms of the past, but most of the change is in the new type of background.

The furnishings are little different from the simple styles we have been seeing for some time. The arrangement and color scheme make them look modern.

The sofa and chairs are painted willow, upholstered in clear, bright colors. The library table is carpenter-made, and has a suggestion of Chinese in its design. The finish is white paint, partly rubbed off before it dries to make it match the willow.

Whenever an abundance of light enters a room, step up the quality of your colors so that everything looks gay and sun-splashed. Dark colors do not look well in a light room.

The general color scheme is turquoise, chartreuse, and coral, and you may use these colors together in any proportion.

FURNITURE ARRANGEMENT

Pushing the furniture back toward the wall to form a square makes additional space. This plan of furniture arrangement can make an old room look up to date.

The furniture, by the way, is covered with sturdy sailcloth, which is actually our old favorite denim with a new name and glamorous colorings.

Draperies are sailcloth, also, and slide in a track set into the ceiling.

Twelve-inch grass squares are sewn together to make a rug which will fit the size and shape of the room. Grass rugs are ideal for use in rooms where outside dirt or hard usage is a factor, and they go well with informal furniture.

The willow furniture in the dining end of the room matches the living-room pieces, and adds drama to the long room. It can be separated from the living end of the room by a draw curtain, if desired. The big square outline on the rear wall is actually a sliding panel opening into the kitchen. This means more air in the kitchen and less walking back and forth to the dining-room.

More light, more space, and higher color are the most noticeable improvements in to-morrow's family rooms.

Photographs are by courtesy of the U.S. Information Service.

The test of a WIFE

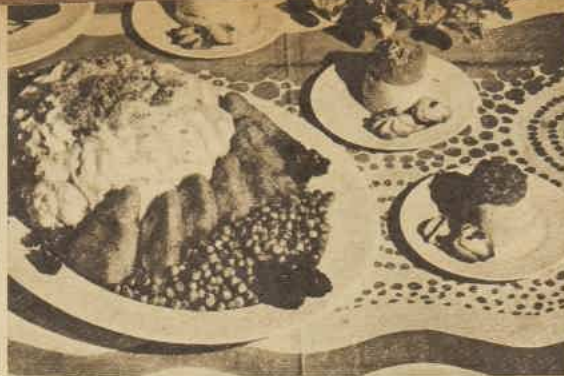
Hilda and John
had been married four
years. Then...



HORLICKS
Contains all essential food elements in their natural form.



THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS



HEARTY DINNER DISH of stuffed cauliflower—flanked with rabbit and celery patties is just the thing to help eke out the meat supply.

VERSATILE VEGETABLES

It is so easy to make a little meat go a long way if you are clever with vegetables.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

VEGETABLES, combined with small quantities of meat, milk, eggs, sauces, or cheese, will provide substantial main dinner dishes equal to meat in flavor and nourishment.

Balance the menu by serving a good soup made from rich meat stock. Finish with fresh fruit and cheese.

STUFFED CAULIFLOWER

One cauliflower, 1 tablespoon margarine or good fat, 1 tablespoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parboiled red pepper, 1 chopped hard-boiled egg, 1 cup white sauce, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons buttered crumbs.

Cook cauliflower whole in boiling salted water until almost tender, about 20 minutes. Drain carefully, remove flowerets from centre, leaving sufficient border to hold the filling. Melt fat, add onion, and brown very lightly. Stir in red pepper, chopped cauliflower flowerets, salt, and cayenne; add sauce and chopped egg. Fill into centre of cauliflower, top with buttered crumbs. Place upright in shallow pan with one cup water. Bake in a moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 minutes. Serve very hot with rabbit and celery patties and hot greens.

CABBAGE-LEAF ROLLS

Six or eight large cabbage leaves, 1 cup minced steak, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper and sage to taste, 1 cup cooked vermicelli or spaghetti, 1 tablespoon minced onion, grate of lemon rind and nutmeg, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 cup tomato juice, 1 cup water.

Wash leaves well, soften slightly by covering with boiling water and standing three or four minutes. Combine steak, spaghetti, salt, pepper, sage, onion, nutmeg, lemon rind, and breadcrumbs. Mix well. Place spoonfuls on cabbage leaves, roll up, fasten with cocktail sticks. Place in oven-proof dish, add tomato juice and water. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (350deg. F.) for 45 to 50 minutes. Serve hot with liquid from pan thickened with flour if desired.

SAVORY SPINACH RING

Two cups breadcrumbs, 2 cups cooked chopped spinach, 2 eggs, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 small onion (grated), 2 tablespoons milk, 1 cup white sauce, 1 cup diced cooked chicken, rabbit, or flaked fish.

Combine breadcrumbs, spinach,

grated carrot, onion, salt, and pepper. Bind with beaten egg-yolks and milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pack into well-greased ring-tin and bake 1 to 1 hour in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Turn out, fill centre with chicken, rabbit, or fish thoroughly heated with white sauce. Serve very hot.

HOT VEGETABLE LOAF

One cup mashed potato, 1 cup par-boiled sliced celery, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 small chopped onion, 1 teaspoon salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon melted butter or margarine.

Warm mashed potato with a little milk, add celery, carrot, onion, salt, pepper, peas, breadcrumbs, cheese. Fold in milk, beaten egg and melted shortening. Pack into a loaf-tin greased and sprinkled with browned crumbs. Bake 1 hour in a moderate oven (375deg. F.). Turn out and serve hot, in slices, with hot greens.

STUFFED BAKED CUCUMBERS

Two long green cucumbers, 1 tablespoon finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon finely chopped onion, 1 cup sliced celery, 1 cup minced cold meat, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons mayonnaise, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon butter.

Cut washed cucumbers in halves lengthwise. Boil in salted water until almost tender, 6 to 8 minutes. Scoop out centre, leaving shells about 1/2 inch thick. Combine all ingredients except breadcrumbs, fill into cucumber shells. Top with breadcrumbs, dot with butter. Place in shallow dish with 1 cup water. Bake 45 to 50 minutes in moderate oven (350deg. F.). Serve very hot.

CABBAGE CREOLE

One cabbage, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup chopped onion, 1 cup chopped tomato, 2 tablespoons chopped par-boiled green or red pepper, 3 cloves, bay leaf, 1 teaspoon brown sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons breadcrumbs.

Wash cabbage well, shred finely. Place in lidded pan with half the fat and 2 tablespoons water; sprinkle with salt. Cook 6 to 10 minutes over very low heat, shaking pan occasionally. Turn out into casserole. Melt balance of fat, fry onion lightly, add all other ingredients and simmer 15 minutes. Remove cloves and bay leaf, pour over cabbage in casserole. Top with crumbs, bake 10 minutes in a hot oven (400deg. F.). Serve very hot with meat or vegetable patties and other hot greens.

FOR MAXIMUM VALUE

To keep vegetable vitamins and minerals as intact as possible, follow these simple rules:—

- Wash vegetables well, never soak.
- Use a minimum amount of water for cooking. Cook quickly to avoid overlong contact with liquid, but avoid violent boiling.
- Quick cooking also helps to preserve color and flavor—they should be cooked until just crisply tender.
- Keep pan tightly lidded. Exposure to air during cooking is destructive to some vitamins.
- Potatoes and other roots, if young, may be scrubbed and left whole and unpeeled to help conserve vitamin content.



Try SOUP
to-day the
OXO way

The family will enjoy
the delicious rich beefy
flavour of soup made
with an OXO Cube.

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE
AN OXO CUBE



PREPARED FROM
PRIME RICH BEEF

FULL SUPPLIES
OF
AUNT MARY'S
BAKING POWDER
AVAILABLE FROM
YOUR GROCER!

X MOTHER
rid your child
of Worms

Thousands of Mothers have learned to depend IMPLICITLY on SAN-O-LAX WORM SYRUP for quick, permanent relief. San-o-lax contains castor oil, a valuable medicinal ingredient which quickly gets to work (usually whilst the child is sleeping) and not only destroys any worm presence, but also prevents recurrence. When your child is restless in its sleep don't listen to those who say, "It's just constipation." It may be worms. If it is, don't delay, get SAN-O-LAX and start using right away. Children like it because it's pleasant to take—not like a medicine.

Your chemist sells
SAN-O-LAX
WORM SYRUP
Distributed by Foster & Birks Pty. Ltd.

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coughing continues

Coughing causes
irritation and dam-
ages delicate tissues
STOP YOUR COUGH Take
Y-COUGH
KILLS COLDS with
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AT ALL CHEMISTS & STORES

Lovely to look at
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Build with these advantages of
STRUCTURAL STEEL TUBING

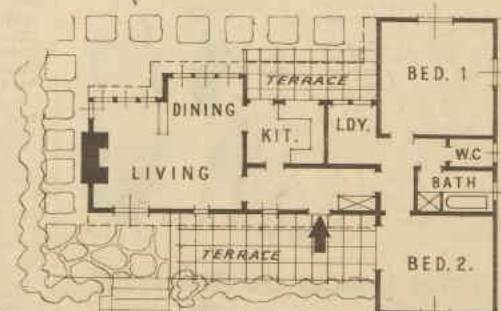
If any climate demands steel tubing in the construction of homes, it is our Australian climate. Structural Steel Tubing gives . . .

- ★ Greater strength and stability. ★ Greater protection against fire.
- ★ Framework that cannot warp or shrink.
- ★ Complete freedom from attack by white ants and borers.

When you use Structural Steel Tubing you build your home faster, easier — and you cut down labour costs. Steel Tubular members can also be used for Roof Framing with brick or concrete construction.

Structural Steel Tubing is a development by

Stewarts and Lloyds (Aust.) Pty. Ltd.
 HOUSING DIVISION, 75 PITT STREET, SYDNEY



note— We regret it is not possible to answer personal enquiries relating to individual home-building problems.

New Energy.... New Health THAT WINS ADMIRATION

Mineral concentrates in BIDOMAK create new, rich, red blood cells, build energy, run-down men and women into fit, vigorous personalities. Make this 14 days, no-risk test and prove it for yourself.

Don't you envy those bright people who are always popular and full of vitality? If you feel you are slipping in social life and at work, if fatigue and listlessness, lack of confidence and pep, are holding you back, BIDOMAK is guaranteed to build you up. New powerful energy, new sparkling health, are within your grasp.

BLOOD STARVED FOR MINERALS

Your blood stream, as you know, is one of your most important organs. It brings nourishment and life-giving oxygen to the tissues, contains chemical substances vitally essential to every organ, cell, nerve, bone and tissue in your body.

A mineral deficiency in the blood is a basic cause of many ills, including that group of disorders which we call "nerve troubles": weakness, lassitude, jumpiness, irritability.

"depressed feeling," brain fog, inability to concentrate, some common forms of headache and stomach troubles.

NATURAL WAY TO HEALTH

When you get enough of these minerals, the results of mineral deficiency disappear and you regain health as a natural consequence. The scientist who perfected BIDOMAK combined in it the glycerophosphates and phosphates of iron, calcium, sodium, and potassium. Then he added catalytic copper and manganese salts in an approved form. These additional minerals speed up the activity of the others and make them easier still to assimilate.

QUICK IMPROVEMENT

BIDOMAK makes you feel fitter and brighter quickly. Aches and pains leave you. You no longer feel depressed and irritable. Sleep comes naturally and you wake refreshed.

DOES A WORLD OF GOOD WHEN RUN DOWN

Wentworth Falls.
"I have taken BIDOMAK since you first placed it on the market, whenever I have been run down, and it has always done me a world of good."
(Sgt.) (Miss) Elizabeth Collingham.

NO RISK TEST

Try pleasant-to-taste BIDOMAK for 14 days—unless you feel stronger, and show a general all-round improvement, the trial is absolutely free and your money is refunded on return of the nearly empty bottle to the Douglas Drug Co., Goulburn St., Sydney. Get guaranteed BIDOMAK today.



THE TONIC OF THE CENTURY

Bidomak

FOR NERVES, BRAIN AND THAT "DEPRESSED" FEELING

Mothers' money-saving family cough remedy

Instant relief—nice to take
ONE PINT costs only 2/-

For thirty years Australian mothers have been saving money on their family cough remedy bills by making ONE PINT of the famous HEENZ COUGH & COLD and sore throat remedy for the amazingly low cost of only 2/-... From your chemist or store you buy a bottle of concentrated HEENZ and there in your own home you add it to sweetened water according to the easy directions supplied and you have one pint or the equal of eight ordinary sized bottles of the best ready-made-up cough remedies for the low cost of only 2/-... HEENZ is absolutely pure and equally good for adults and children. All members of your family will find HEENZ very nice to take and will be delighted with the speedy way it soothes sore throats, eases the chest and relieves coughs, colds, croup, bronchitis, sore throats and influenza.



All Australian Chemists and Stores Sell

HEENZ

COUGH REMEDY



FIRST prize-winner in this week's recipe contest is this savory luncheon dish, a cheese and spinach soufflé.

CHEESED peanut-butter wafers make appetizing tidbits as a before-dinner savory or for a mid-morning snack. Recipe is on this page.

SAVORY SOUFFLE ... wins prize

THE cheese-and-spinach soufflé winning this week's prize for the best recipe is one way of giving the family spinach and making them like it.

CHEESE AND SPINACH SOUFFLE

Three level tablespoons margarine or good clean fat, 1 teaspoon finely chopped onion, 3 level tablespoons flour, 1 cup milk, 1 teaspoon salt, dash pepper and mace, 1 cup grated cheese, 1 cup cooked chopped spinach, 3 eggs, grated cheese, and paprika to garnish.

Melt fat in saucepan, add onion, brown lightly. Add flour, stir 3 minutes over very low heat. Add milk and stir until smooth and thick, 4 to 5 minutes. Remove from fire, fold in seasonings, cheese, spinach, and well-beaten egg-yolks. Allow to cool, fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Pour into a deep, greased soufflé mould or casserole. Stand in a pan of hot water, bake in a moderate oven (325deg. F.) until set, about 40 to 45 minutes. Serve at once, garnished with grated cheese and paprika.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. G. Malm, Elgin St., East Gordon, N.S.W.

QUICK PINEAPPLE CHUTNEY

Three tablespoons pineapple jam, 2 tablespoons dark plum jam, 2 cups vinegar, 1 level teaspoon turmeric, ginger, mustard, and curry powder, 1 dessertspoon salt, 1 heaped tablespoon plain flour, 3 large onions, 2 tablespoons sugar.

Place jams in a saucepan with grated onion, salt, sugar, and 1½ cups of the vinegar. Boil 10 minutes. Mix all dry ingredients together, blend to a smooth paste with balance of vinegar. Add to other ingredients and simmer further 5 minutes, stirring well. Bottle into hot, dry jars, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss E. Porter, Yatal, via Pomena, Qld.

DEVONSHIRE BREAD PUDDING

Five slices stale bread (about 5oz.), 2oz. sultanas or raisins, 2oz. candied peel, grated rind and juice of 1 lemon, 1 pint milk coffee, 2 eggs, 2oz. sugar.

Cut bread into cubes, place in a basin with sultanas or raisins, peel, rind and juice of lemon. Beat eggs

and sugar, add heated coffee. Four over bread, allow to stand until thoroughly soaked. Turn into greased mould, cover with greased paper, and steam gently 1½ hours. Serve hot with custard or sauce.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss M. Todd, Collins St., Melbourne.

CHEESED PEANUT BUTTER WAFERS

Four ounces self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cayenne pepper, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1½oz. butter or margarine, 1 tablespoon peanut butter, 1 egg, grated cheese.

Sift flour, pepper, salt, and mustard, rub in butter or margarine. Blend peanut butter with beaten egg, add to dry ingredients, making a firm dough. Roll to ¼ in. thickness, cut into rings and straws (or circles or finger-lengths). Brush with milk, sprinkle with finely grated cheese. Bake in a moderate oven, 325deg. F., 10 to 15 minutes.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. Tapley, Harmony, Gordon, N.S.W.

Good mental health

By SISTER MARY JACOB

THE health of our minds and bodies is so interwoven that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether the mind has affected the health of the body, or the body the health of the mind.

Fortunately, many of the things that bring about good physical health in the young baby also bring about good mental health.

The regular daily routine, the forming of right habits from the earliest days, and the security of a happy environment all make for good mental health in infancy and early childhood.

The responsibility for this well-being rests with those who have the handling and training of the child in this early, highly formative period, usually the parents.

A leaflet giving suggestions for guidance can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 5th Floor, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, and a copy will be forwarded if a request with a stamped addressed envelope is sent to the above address.



THIS is the time of the year when you are liable to suffer from painful, annoying chilblains or, perhaps, a touch of cramp or rheumatism in the feet.

Give your feet a good rub over every night with Zam-Buk Ointment. This treatment restores circulation and relieves pain, swelling and inflammation.

And remember, this famous soothing ointment is what you need for tired, aching feet and troublesome corns.

Get a box of Zam-Buk to-day.

Zam-Buk

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OH! to be FIT AGAIN!

How often, when you are feeling tired, worn out with worry, overwork or nervous strain, do you long for the energy and sparkle that so many of your friends seem to be able to rely on always, day or night? Remember, how you feel, and what you can accomplish and enjoy, depend upon the health of your body and the state of your nerves. To regain your normal sparkle, alertness, energy, try taking the fortifying "no-waiting" natural tonic—WINCARNIS. Recommendations from medical men testify to the wonderful health-bringing value of WINCARNIS. This famous tonic is a rich, nourishing, full-bodied blend of choice wines and health-giving extracts. You'll like it from the first sip, and the first glass will do you good. WINCARNIS is the pleasant, certain way of regaining normal feeling and a happy, confident outlook. Get a bottle from your chemist to-day.

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief.

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys. The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people eliminate about 3 pints a day. When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or poor kidney action sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay! Ask your chemist or store for Dean's Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. Dean's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes eliminate poisonous waste from your blood. Get Dean's Backache Kidney Pills.



FAMILY KITCHEN, suitable for a small house, exhibited by the Women's Gas Council at the Modern Home Exhibition in London.

YOUR POSTWAR KITCHEN PLANS . . .

- Maximum efficiency with minimum effort on the part of the housewife is the object aimed at and reached by the designers of model kitchens shown at the Modern Homes Exhibition held in London.

THEY have given particular attention to the lay-out of the kitchen, taking into consideration the sequence of cooking, so that the housewife moves in a direct line through her various chores.

Some of the kitchens exhibited were designed to suit family life in a small house, others had to be even more restricted in space so that they would fit into small flats.

One had the kitchen and work-room combined so that as well as preparing and cooking the meal in this room the housewife could sew or iron in it.

The plan given below illustrates the idea of correct sequence of working units reducing labor.

Instead of moving backward and forward and wasting her energy the housewife washes her vegetables at the sink, prepares them at the bench, puts them on the stove.

An American expert once counted the steps taken by a cook in making a cake. There were 281. The kitchen was replanned and the number of steps was reduced to 45, which means a saving of about 200 yards to a cake, or a mile to just over eight cakes.

Close study of this plan shows that an immense amount of thought has gone into it.

The workbench has been placed under the window so that the food is prepared in a good light, and the worker can enjoy the view.

This is especially valuable where there are children; for mother can observe them playing on the lawn outside while she gets on with the dinner.

It is pleasant, too, to have the monotony of the kitchen work relieved by glancing out the window at the garden or at passers-by.

Plenty of storage space and cupboards are provided, and these are essential for order and cleanliness, helping the work to run smoothly with a minimum of effort. Brooms, pots and pans, tinned food, are all hidden from view, while perishable foodstuffs are stored in the refrigerator.

It is a good idea when designing built-in cupboards to have shelves only wide enough to take one pot or tin or jar, whatever the case may be. In this way things are not pushed into dark recesses where you waste countless minutes searching for some ingredient.

Note the benches on either side of the stove which make the job of dishing up meals quick and easy. The stove itself has a canopy to eliminate cooking smells and to save the walls and ceiling from becoming coated with grease and soot.

China in daily use is easily accessible from the china cupboard and dish-rack.

Facts about food

DID you know that the overnight soaking of rolled oats and granulated wheaten breakfast foods increases the amounts of calcium which the body can absorb from them? Calcium, as you know, is one of the major deficiencies in the Australian diet; therefore, the homemaker is strongly advised to follow this practice.

ble from the china cupboard and dish-rack.

The kitchen stool included in this plan is an essential. It saves the cook many weary hours of standing while preparing food. They are usually about 24 inches high and some are designed to form a small flight of steps when turned upside down.

For your floor covering select a mottled pattern in good-quality inlaid linoleum, when it is procurable, because it does not soil easily and can be kept bright and shining with polish.

Now is the time for housewives to really concentrate on what they want in the kitchen; for as postwar industry swings into action kitchen units will be mass produced and labor-saving devices should appear on the market again, and at a reasonable price.

Designers and manufacturers will produce what women ask for; so it is as well to be familiar with latest developments overseas and whether building a new home or renovating the old take full advantage of the latest ideas.

—By courtesy of the United Kingdom Information Service.



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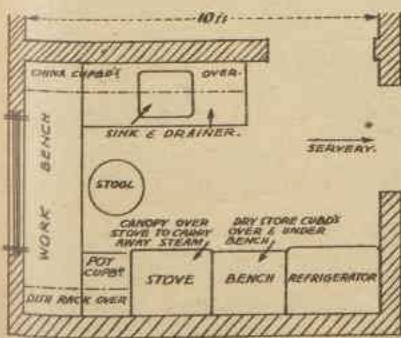
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SEQUENCE OF WORKING UNITS in this model kitchen eliminates all unnecessary walking and so makes the cook's job easier.

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